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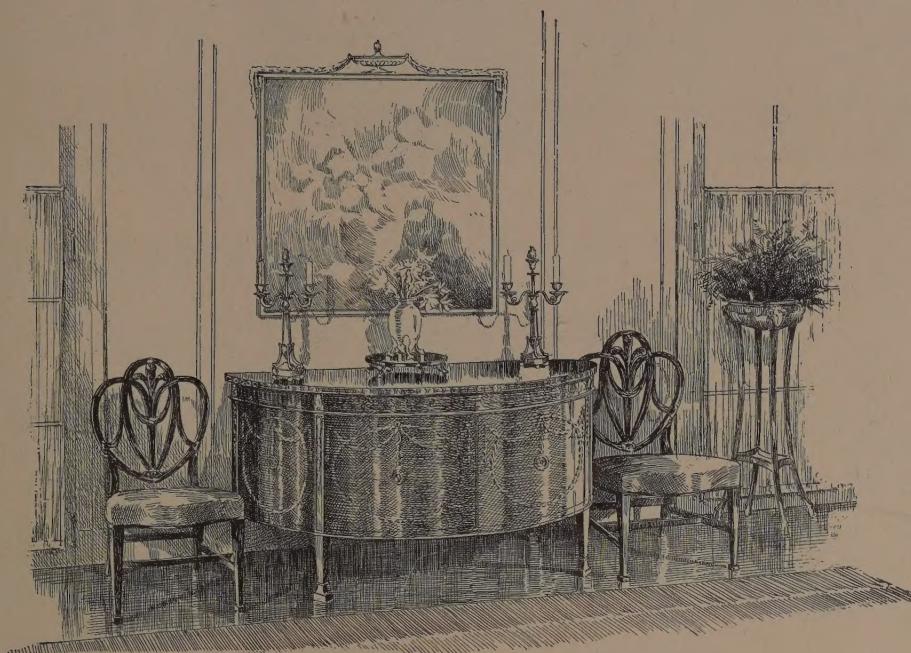
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Proclamation by the President to the People

The White House, April 15, 1917.

My Fellow-Countrymen:

The entrance of our own beloved country into the grim and terrible war for democracy and human rights which has shaken the world creates so many problems of national life and action which call for immediate consideration and settlement that I hope you will permit me to address to you a few words of earnest counsel and appeal with regard to them.

We are rapidly putting our navy upon an effective war footing and are about to create and equip a great army, but these are the simplest parts of the great task to which we have addressed ourselves. There is not a single selfish element, so far as I can see, in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily and successfully we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself. We must realize to the full how great the task is and how many things, how many kinds and elements of capacity and service and self-sacrifice it involves.

These, then, are the things we must do, and do well, besides fighting—the things without which mere fighting would be fruitless:

We must supply abundant food for ourselves and for our armies and our seamen, not only, but also for a large part of the nations with whom we have now made common cause, in whose support and by whose sides we shall be fighting.

We must supply ships by the hundreds out of our shipyards to carry to the other side of the sea, submarines or no submarines, what will every day be needed there, and abundant materials out of our fields and our mines and our factories with which not only to clothe and equip our own forces on land and sea, but also to clothe and support our people, for whom the gallant fellows under arms can no longer work; to help clothe and equip the armies with which we are co-operating in Europe, and to keep the looms and manufactures there in raw material; coal to keep the fires going in ships at sea and in the furnaces of hundreds of factories across the sea; steel out of which to make arms and ammunition both here and there; rails for wornout railways back of the fighting fronts; locomotives and rolling stock to take the place of those every day going to pieces; mules, horses, cattle for labor and for military service; everything with which the people of England and France and Italy and Russia have usually supplied themselves, but cannot now afford the men, the materials, or the machinery to make.

It is evident to every thinking man that our industries, on the farms, in the shipyards, in the mines, in the factories, must be made more prolific and more efficient than ever, and that they must be more economically managed and better adapted to the particular requirements of our task than they have been; and what I want to say is that the men and the women who devote their thought and their energy to these things will be serving the country and conducting the fight for peace and freedom just as truly and just as effectively as the men on the battlefield or in the trenches. The industrial forces of the country, men and women alike, will be a great national, a great international service army—a notable and honored host engaged in the service of the nation and the world, the efficient friends and saviors of free men everywhere. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands, of men otherwise liable to military service will of right and of necessity be excused from that service and assigned to the fundamental, sustaining work of the fields and factories and mines, and they will be as much part of the great patriotic forces of the nation as the men under fire.

I take the liberty, therefore, of addressing this word to the farmers of the country and to all who work on the farms: The supreme need of our own nation and of the nations with which we are co-operating is an abundance of supplies, and especially of foodstuffs. The importance of an adequate food supply, especially for the present year, is superlative. Without abundant food, alike for the armies and the peoples now at war, the whole great enterprise upon which we have embarked will break down and fail. The world's food reserves are low. Not only during the present emergency, but for some time after peace shall have come, both our own people and a large proportion of the people of Europe must rely upon the harvests in America.

Upon the farmers of this country, therefore, in large measure rests the fate of the war and the fate of the nations. May the nation not count upon them to omit no step that will increase the production of their land or that will bring about the most effectual co-

operation in the sale and distribution of their products? The time is short. It is of the most imperative importance that everything possible be done, and done immediately, to make sure of large harvests. I call upon young men and old alike and upon the ablebodied boys of the land to accept and act upon this duty—to turn in hosts to the farms and make certain that no pains and no labor is lacking in this great matter.

I particularly appeal to the farmers of the South to plant abundant foodstuffs, as well as cotton. They can show their patriotism in no better or more convincing way than by resisting the great temptation of the present price of cotton and helping, helping upon a great scale, to feed the nation and the peoples everywhere who are fighting for their liberties and for our own. The variety of their crops will be the visible measure of their comprehension of their national duty.

The Government of the United States and the Governments of the several States stand ready to co-operate. They will do everything possible to assist farmers in securing an adequate supply of seed, an adequate force of laborers when they are most needed, at harvest time, and the means of expediting shipments of fertilizers and farm machinery, as well as of the crops themselves when harvested. The course of trade shall be as unhampered as it is possible to make it, and there shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the nation's food supply by those who handle it on its way to the consumer. This is our opportunity to demonstrate the efficiency of a great democracy, and we shall not fall short of it!

This let me say to the middlemen of every sort, whether they are handling our foodstuffs or our raw materials of manufacture or the products of our mills and factories: The eyes of the country will be especially upon you. This is your opportunity for signal service, efficient and disinterested. The country expects you, as it expects all others to forego unusual profits, to organize and expedite shipments of supplies of every kind, but especially of food, with an eye to the service you are rendering and in the spirit of those who enlist in the ranks, for their people, not for themselves. I shall confidently expect you to deserve and win the confidence of people of every sort and station.

To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be managers or operative employees, let me say that the railways are the arteries of the nation's life and that upon them rests the immense responsibility of seeing to it that those arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power. To the merchant let me suggest the motto, "Small profits and quick service," and to the shipbuilder the thought that the life of the war depends upon him. The food and the war supplies must be carried across the seas, no matter how many ships are sent to the bottom. The places of those that go down must be supplied and supplied at once. To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does: the work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great Service Army. The manufacturer does not need to be told, I hope, that the nation looks to him to speed and perfect every process; and I want only to remind his employes that their service is absolutely indispensable and is counted on by every man who loves the country and its liberties.

Let me suggest, also, that every one who creates or cultivates a garden helps, and helps greatly, to solve the problem of the feeding of the nations; and that every housewife who practices strict economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. This is the time for America to correct her unpardonable fault of wastefulness and extravagance. Let every man and every woman assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty, as a dictate of patriotism which no one can now expect ever to be excused or forgiven for ignoring.

In the hope that this statement of the needs of the nation and of the world in this hour of supreme crisis may stimulate those to whom it comes and remind all who need reminder of the solemn duties of a time such as the world has never seen before, I beg that all editors and publishers everywhere will give as prominent publication and as wide circulation as possible to this appeal. I venture to suggest, also, to all advertising agencies that they would perhaps render a very substantial and timely service to the country if they would give it widespread repetition. And I hope that clergymen will not think the theme of it an unworthy or inappropriate subject of comment and homily from their pulpits.

The supreme test of the nation has come. We must all speak, act, and serve together!

WOODROW WILSON.





THE THEATRE

MAY, 1917



THAT we've been getting out some gala numbers lately, you'll admit. But watch for the June issue. It's a corker and beats 'em all!

Take only the names of the leading contributors—Brander Matthews, Clayton Hamilton, Edward Goodman, Frances Starr, Elsie Janis, A. Toxen Worm. They all have something unusual to say!

A SOCIETY woman presented one of the few fine plays of this season.

The play was "Magic"—the woman Mrs. Norman Hapgood.

"What Society is Doing for the Stage!" The title speaks for itself. The article will be in our next issue.

Watch for the new and hitherto unpublished photographs illustrating it.

AN unusual and interesting experiment was tried in New York recently—something really worth while—the presentation of three unique one-act plays, acted by negroes.

In our June number we're going to print excerpts from the best of these plays, "The Rider of Dreams." We'll tell you something, too, about Ridgeley Torrence, the man who wrote them.

TO the June issue, Edward Goodman, leader of that band of daring innovators, the Washington Square Players, contributes an interesting article entitled, "Why the One-Act Play?"

The Washington Square Players can always be counted on to produce something worth while.

Their director, Mr. Goodman, has more than one card up his sleeve. He'll give you some of his ideas in the next number.

ELSE JANIS talking—Where? In the June THEATRE. Subject: "How I Do My Imitations."

PROFESSOR BRANDER MATHEWS gives us the second instalment of his "Recollections of a Playgoer" in the June number—delightful memories that extend over half a century of theatre-going, and embrace everyone

her golden hair in champagne?

Whence come all these intimate details about your favorite player that you glean from your morning newspaper and devour along with your *café au lait*?

You've always wondered, so we'll let you in the secret.

That ubiquitous person—the press agent—is back of it all.

A. Toxen Worm, one of our leading publicity promoters, will tell you something about his fascinating business in an article in the next number.

Don't miss it!

VOL. XXV

No. 195

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who has achieved fame on the stage.

Read the article by Prof. Matthews in this number, and you'll be sure to look for his next instalment.

HOW do you know that Gaby loves pearls, that Frances rides for an hour in Central Park each morning, that Anna takes milk baths, and that Billie washes

Take a tip, Young Man, if you wish to win her affections. Get acquainted with the latest ins and outs of theatre-land. Learn all about the new plays, the star who has captivated Broadway, and the gossip of the Rialto. Read THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

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IN the Spring a young man's fancy—you know the rest.

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© Mr. and Mrs. Braden

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARY GARDEN

Although still engaged in operatic activities, Miss Garden will make her début shortly in filmland, appearing on the screen in "Thais"

THE THEATRE



RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYGOER

By BRANDER MATTHEWS,

PROFESSOR OF DRAMATIC LITERATURE IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



WHEN I was an undergraduate at Columbia from 1868 to 1871 I became a "regular first-nighter" as the phrase goes; and there were then so few theatres in New York that attendance at first performances was possible and not arduous. I was present at the opening of Booth's Theatre in 1869, with Edwin Booth as Romeo—and exactly forty years thereafter I was invited to the opening of the New Theatre, an enterprise even more ambitious than Edwin Booth's and not more successful. I had also attended the first performance and the last performance of the theatre managed by John Brougham, a little playhouse behind the Fifth Avenue Hotel, afterwards entitled the Fifth Avenue Theatre and later rebuilt by Steele MacKaye as the Madison Square. As the Fifth Avenue it was managed by Augustin Daly until it was destroyed by fire; and there, and in the larger theatre which Daly managed later, I saw a long sequence of interesting performances.

Daly not only loved the theatre ardently, he lived for it alone; he had inexhaustible energy and immense ambition. He challenged at once the hitherto acknowledged leadership of the theatre established ten years earlier by J. W. Wallack and coming later under the laxer control of Lester Wallack. Daly gathered a strong and varied company, enlisting a star like E. L. Davenport and engaging refugees from Wallack's, including George Holland. He came in time to make a specialty of his own adaptations from contemporary Parisian plays, beginning with the "Froufrou" of Meilhac and Halévy, memorable to me by the appealing charm of Agnes Ethel. It was in one or another of the pieces which Daly liked to proclaim as the "Reigning Parisian Sensation" that Clara Morris displayed her uneven but indisputable power. But Daly was anxious to develop American dramatists also, and here he stood in most complete opposition to Lester Wallack (a native New Yorker, as it happened, by chance), who, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, remained an Englishman and who preferred a bald British adaptation of a feeble French piece to any play of American authorship.



IT was Daly who gave Bronson Howard his opportunity; and it was at Daly's that I attended the first night of "Saratoga," a highly artificial but ingeniously amusing farce, which Daly advertised as "a comedy of contemporaneous American character," this being precisely what it was not.

Daly was very catholic in his taste, eager to put on any play which pleased him, old or new, American or British or French. He revived Goldsmith's "Good Natured Man," for example, although he could not have expected it to please nineteenth century audiences in New York any better than it had originally pleased eighteenth

century audiences in London. When I came to know him in later years I asked why he had taken down Goldsmith's unsuccessful comedy from the dusty shelf where it has reposed since Halleck and Drake had collaborated in rhyming the Croaker poems.



Collection Charles Burnham

MRS. JOHN HOEY

A popular leading woman in the fifties and the first American actress to introduce extravagant dressing on the stage

"Oh, I did it because my brother, the judge, said he would like to see it acted," was Daly's answer. "Of course, I knew there was no money in it."

This reply was perfectly characteristic; Daly wanted to make money, naturally enough, for otherwise he could not have continued to give himself the pleasure of bringing out the plays which took his fancy. His likings were manifold, including tragedy as well as comedy, operetta as well as farce and melodrama.

It was at Daly's that I beheld the chirpy veteran, Charles J. Mathews in many of his favorite pieces, especially in "Cool as a Cucumber," and in Planché's burlesque of Medea entitled the "Golden Fleece," in which the brisk and voluble comedian appeared as the extraneous Chorus. It was also at Daly's that I was first introduced to certain of Shakespeare's comedies, although I had earlier seen the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Olympic, with G. L. Fox as Bottom. When Mrs. Scott-Siddons appeared in America, Daly engaged her to appear as Rosalind and as Viola, supporting her fragile personality and her attenuated talent by the full strength of

his company. In fact, my own memory of Mrs. Scott-Siddons as Viola is now pale and faint while I can still recall the highly colored fun of Fanny Davenport as the rollicking Maria.

"The full strength of the company" is no empty phrase when applied to the actors Daly had collected under his management, as can be evidenced by the fact that I once saw "The School for Scandal" performed at the Fifth Avenue on an evening when the unemployed members of the organization were giving "London Assurance" in Newark. Each of these plays calls for a large and competent cast; and I must confess that the effect of Sheridan's masterpiece was somewhat weakened by the absence of two or three of those who were appearing elsewhere in Boucicault's falsely glittering fabrication.

Although Shakespeare was only frequently presented at Wallack's Theatre, it was there that I first saw "Much Ado About Nothing" with Rose Eytinge as Beatrice and with Benedick undertaken by Lester Wallack himself, adorned with the sweeping sable mustache which he never sacrificed even when appearing as Captain Absolute. And at Booth's I made acquaintance with "Henry VIII," revived so that Charlotte Cushman could repeat her most touching portrayal of Queen Katherine; and I can even now, after more than two score years, thrill again to the exquisite pathos of her "Be husband to me, heaven!"



WHILE I was a law student I was present at the opening night of the Union Square Theatre under the management of A. M. Palmer, when Agnes Ethel appeared as "Agnes," the lovely heroine of a machine-made piece which Sardou adroitly composed especially for her and which he subsequently revised for performance in Paris under the name of "Andréa." As acted at the Union Square, it was a slight and sketchy play owing all its attraction to the charming personality of Agnes Ethel herself; at least, this is a fair inference from the fact that the play never had any success except when she appeared in it. In her version the last act of the comedy-drama owed much of its effectiveness to the theatrical ingenuity of Charles Fechter who suggested significant departures from Sardou's manuscript.

Several years earlier my father had been one of the shareholders in a theatre which Fechter was afterwards to manage and which he was to call the Lyceum. It was later known as the Fourteenth Street Theatre; and it had been originally called the French Theatre, being intended for a French company which should present a changing repertory of current and standard plays. When this experiment failed from lack of support, the house did not disavow its name, as it was taken over by "Colonel" Bate-

man, the husband of the authoress of an early American comedy, "Self," and the father of the Bateman Sisters, the eldest of whom, Kate, had been triumphantly successful as Leah in Daly's adaptation of Mosenthal's "Deborah." Bateman imported a skilfully recruited opera-bouffe troupe, which introduced to our public the "Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein," the "Belle Hélène," and several others of the satirically humorous fantasies that Meilhac and Halévy had written to be set to lilting music by Offenbach. The prima donna was at first Tostée, who seemed to me in the "Grand Duchesse" to be worthy of comparison with Schneider whom I had seen in the part in Paris during the Exposition of 1867. Tostée was followed by Paola-Marié and by Irma, and later by Marie Aimée, perhaps the most accomplished of the three, with a brilliancy of fun and also with an unexpected power of pathos, displayed discreetly in *La Perichole*'s farewell to her lover.

as often as "As You Like It," and the "Rivals" almost as frequently; and yet I never saw either of Sheridan's comedies with a cast that completely satisfied me. Despite the liberties he took with the text, the excision of the supersentimental

Mrs. John Drew's Mrs. Malaprop was perfection itself, infinitely superior to that presented in London almost simultaneously by Mrs. Sterling. Mrs. Drew gave point to every one of her incessant dislocations of the vocabulary by the evident pride she took in that particular "derangement of epitaphs." Mrs. Sterling emphasized every verbal blunder as though she were fully conscious of its enormity; she seemed to be saying, as she stood throwing her contorted phrases straight in the faces of the spectators, "There, I'm Mrs. Malaprop, and this is a malapropism, and I do hope you will see it and roar at it!"



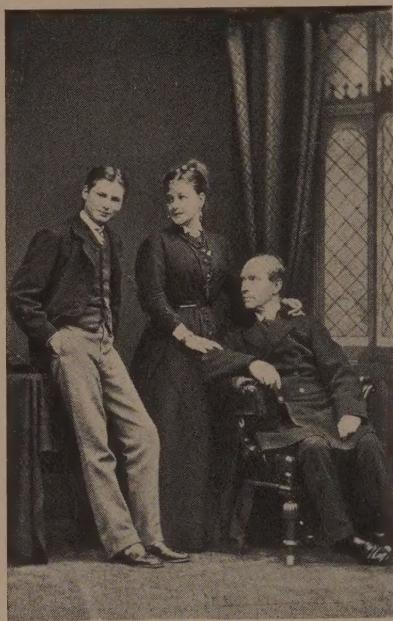
JOHN GILBERT was the finest and the firmest of Sir Anthony's as he was the final expression of Sir Peter; and William H. Crane was as vigorous and as humorous as any Sir Anthony I ever beheld, excepting only John Gilbert. But as Sir Lucius O'Trigger neither William J. Florence or Nat C. Goodwin, actors of far more mimetic power and of a far wider versatility, ever equalled John Brougham, who found in Sheridan's Irish gentleman the one character in all his long stage career in which he had simply to suggest himself—or at least in which he had seemingly not to assume a part but merely to be what he was. This is not the only instance, even if it is the most salient, in my playgoing experience, when I have found an actor of no special ability extraordinarily effective in some one part which he appeared to be born to play.

I must have seen almost as many Lady Teazles as I have Rosalinds; and yet far fewer linger in my memory as having succeeded brilliantly in that most brilliant part, which, sparkling as it is, does not carry the actress so completely as the simpler, more feminine and more human Rosalind. When I run down the list of my Lady Teazles—Mrs. D. P. Bowers and Madeline Henriques, Mrs. Hoey and Mrs. Langtry, Rose Eytine and Rose Coghlan, Fanny Davenport and Ada Rehan, Sara Jewett and Annie Russell, Lady Bancroft and Winifred Emory—I am again inclined to pick out Fanny Davenport as the one on the whole most satisfying; perhaps this is because I was very young when I first beheld her in the radiance of her youthful charm, and perhaps because her youth and her beauty, her high spirits and her enjoyment of life made me credit her performance with more merit than it had.



OF the many impersonators of the more smooth and suave Joseph Surface I doubt if any one has left a more decided impression on my memory than Louis James. Of the many actors whom I have seen as his careless and reckless brother, Charles, I do not know whether Charles Wyndham or Charles Coghlan gave the more incisive performance. And, of course, I have never seen, nor has anyone else, in the past half century, any rendering of Sir Peter comparable with John Gilbert's. This was totally satisfying; there was no possibility in the part that Gilbert did not perceive and seize and bring out; and I doubt if his personation of the character was ever surpassed even by its creator at the original performance at Drury Lane nearly a century and a half ago.

John Gilbert still played the screen scene in agreement with the tradition which had been handed down from Sheridan's time, a tradition now abandoned because of the amelioration of manners and the development of sympathy. Sheridan was following in the footsteps of the Restoration dramatists, as heartless as they were witty; and there is no warmth of sentiment in the "School for Scandal"—there is no love scene, not even between Charles and Maria, the only



Collection Charles Burnham

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES J.
MATHEWS AND THEIR SON

The most famous comedian on the English stage of his day, Mr. Mathews came to America in 1837. He revisited this country in 1857 and again in 1871, appearing at Daly's and later at Wallack's in the old comedies



GEORGE L. FOX

Pantomimist of the late fifties, famous for his impersonation of Humpty Dumpty, which he played 1268 times in New York City alone

mental Julia and Falkland, the amplification of Bob Acres, all to my mind perfectly justifiable, the "Rivals" as Jefferson chose to have it performed was a rich and satisfying presentation. His own Bob Acres was a humorous masterpiece, even if there was justice in William Warren's jibe that Jefferson presented the "Rivals" with "Sheridan twenty miles away."

BEFORE leaving this romantic-comedy, so real even though it is laid in a realm of fantasy and so lyric even though it has less verse, and more prose in proportion than is customary in Shakespeare's lighter pieces, I must chronicle the performance of "As You Like It" in 1893 by the Professional Woman's League in which every part was taken by a woman, a strange transformation for a play every part in which had been taken by a man when it had been originally acted nearly three centuries earlier by the company wherein Shakespeare himself was actor-manager. This manifestation of feminism in the drama was made significant to me by the sturdy impersonation of Orlando by Mary Shaw and by the elocutionary effort of the aging Januschek as Jaques.

The "School for Scandal" I must have seen

pair of young people who are married off at the end of the piece. The tone of the comedy is hard and chilly; it glitters like an icicle; and when the screen falls disclosing Lady Teazle to Sir Peter, she is greatly put out because she has been caught and he is hurt in his pride, rather than in his heart. That this was the case Gilbert indicated simply and directly, somehow managing to convey the impression that his face flushed and then paled.

That this was wholly in accord with the intent of Sheridan, we may be sure; he was writing a satiric comedy, not a play of sentiment. But now-a-days we demand sentiment even in satire; and therefore when the screen falls Lady Teazle is discovered dissolved in tears; and when at last she speaks sobs choke her utterance. This new attitude of the actress compels her husband to a new departure; and Sir Peter in his turn is now pathetic, overlooking the hurt to his pride in his consciousness of the pain in his heart. And this again forces another change upon the performer of Charles, whom Sheridan calls upon to laugh at Joseph and Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, to flout them and to jeer at them one after another. To us now-a-days subdued to more sentimentalized moods, this conduct of Charles would be callous; it would be contrary to our idea as to the proper conduct of a gentleman; it would rob the character of the sympathy of the audience. So it is that Charles, while he may still jeer at Joseph and even jibe at Sir Peter, lets his flouting fade from his lips when he looks back at the repentant figure of Lady Teazle, like Niobe all tears.



NEARLY forty years ago, in one of the earliest numbers of the *Era Almanack*, Shirley Brooks, then the editor of *Punch*, condensed his recollections of the interesting performances he had witnessed into a list of the finest moment he associated with the names of certain great actors. This list has always seemed to me to have more significance than Shirley Brooks suspected, since the moment which rises unbidden in the memory of a trained observer at the name of a tragedian or a comedian is likely

to be that when the performer spoke the phrase or made the gesture or assumed the attitude which was emblematic and symptomatic of his special talent. It would help us to see in what kind of part he had been most characteristically effective; and I am therefore moved to make out



Collection Charles Burnham
FANNY DAVENPORT

a similar list of the specific effects which have most deeply etched themselves on my memory. I have already recorded the intense impression made on me by Charlotte Cushman's "Be husband to me, heaven!" as Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII."

From Coquelin's immense gallery it is very difficult indeed to make a choice, since so many moments, so different one from the other, come thronging forward; but I think I am justified in selecting the expression which slowly came into his face in the "Etrangère" of the younger Dumas when he awakened at last to the fact that the American was bent on insulting him. And by the side of this I should put the superb conceit of Cyrano as he improvises the ballade

on the duel that he is actually engaged in fighting. On the other hand, the choice from Joseph Jefferson is easy, since it appears obvious that I must cite the revived Rip Van Winkle's "Are we then so soon forgot?" From Ristori, I should take the stiletto look with which, as Lucrezia Borgia, she emphasized the name of the husband who is jealous and suspicious and threatening: "Don Alfonso d'Este, my third husband!" From Duse I cannot but set down here the expression of unutterable woe which descended upon her face in "Cavalleria Rusticana" when the husband thanked her for telling him that her lover has an intrigue with his wife. And from the third of the Italian masters of the histrionic art, Salvini, I recall most vividly the impulsive casting down of Iago, with the foot raised as if to stamp him to death. And it is a gesture also that rises before me now when I seek to evoke the most characteristic specimen of Sarah Bernhardt's novel and inventive technic—the successive jerks of feverish impatience with which Froufrou tears the fringe from the sofa-cushion in the big scene with her sister, whose unthinking unselfishness is bringing disaster to both of them.



MY earliest recollection of Booth is the instant where Richelieu draws the awful circle of the church around the ward he is protecting; and my latest is the malignant dance of Bertuccio when the Fool believes that he has attained his revenge. Irving, I saw first in Alberry's once blooming but now long-faded "Two Roses," and I can still hear the crisp utterance which accompanied his presentation of "A little check!" And from his later impersonations I find most vivid the profile of the red figure of Mephistopheles in the mad revels of "Faust." Nor is there danger of erring if I pick out for Ellen Terry the sparkling gaiety of her Beatrice, when she declares that "a star danced, and under that I was born."

(To be continued)

The second article of this series will appear in the June issue.



Photos Sarony

CLARA MORRIS



MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS



AGNES ETHEL

THE FUTURE DECORATIVE ART OF THE THEATRE

By ROBERT EDMOND JONES



HERE has recently come into the theatre what people call "the new art." European influence on various "Little Theatres" throughout the country were largely responsible for its foundation, and as a vogue this "new art" swept the theatrical world and became popular with all classes of playgoers. Its appeal, while supposing to come from the stage as a whole, really came from the scenery, and has been the means of the establishment of a school of painters whose work is mostly known by their employment of great masses of color, blended in such a manner to hold the eye and to dazzle the brain.

Ten, possibly twenty, years from now this "new art," as it is known to-day will have disappeared, and in its place will be seen a work that is at present starting in a very humble manner; a work which is being confused in the minds of most people with ornate decoration. It is my dream that not only from a scenic standpoint will the new régime be of benefit to the theatre, but that the whole tone of stagecraft will be lifted.

Before speaking further of the "new art" I would like to present a present-day condition to aid me in explaining what I believe to be the ideal of decorative art.

Once that the small idea which probably came very casually to the playwright is placed on paper it goes to the producer, the scenic artist, the actors, the men who manage the theatre lights, "even to the stagehands whose duty it is to arrange the various sets. Sometimes the idea gets to the audience as the author intended it should go—frequently it is a distorted thing that does not seem akin to the thought of the playwright.

There have been instances in the past few seasons where the idea of the play did not "get over," if I may use a slang phrase, with the scenic artist. We have all seen bits of stage pictures that were supposed to be cold and dismal spoiled by a bank of too red roses, and we have seen many conventional rooms spoiled by

furniture and hangings that were too smart.

The trouble is—that is as far as I am able to analyze it—that when any play reaches the hand of the artist who is to make the backgrounds for its action it is a dead thing—something that contains words and directions for action. The artist has to visualize, to see every movement and every color, and, frequently, his conception of a scene is something far different from the original idea of the playwright.

Is such a condition right? Men of the truly new art of the theatre think not. To me the ideal way of producing a play is one that seems surprising to-day, but one which I hope will develop with rapidity and give us an American theatre that will be second to none.



MY idea of the correct production of a play is to start from the author's original idea and make it something truly alive, organic. Let producers read plots and suggestions as they now read plays. When they come on a scenario which is worthy of presentation, let the producer call a conference of the people that will make the play live on the stage so that in a body they may work up the idea. Can't you imagine the effect it would have on a play if the producer, the playwright, the painter of the scenes, and the leading actors were to talk over the idea as it was to be worked out?

While the scenery of a play is truly important, it should be so important that the audience should forget that it is painted. There should be a fusion between the play and its scenery. Scenery isn't there to be looked at, it's really there to be forgotten. The drama is the fire, the scenery is the air that lifts the fire and makes it bright. If a scene is properly done it should unconsciously "get" the audience. The audience that is always conscious of the back drop is paying a doubtful compliment to the painter. It may not be that the scene is bad—the set that they are looking at may be very fine, but it may not fit that particular action of the play.

I am told that when Max Reinhardt first started to produce "Sumurun" he had his scenic artist and his composer meet the actors that were to portray the pantomime. Together they all studied it out, the artist watching each pose to see what the effect of the action of the living figure would be against the proposed background. In the same way the musician watched, and after hearing "Sumurun's" music one can easily understand that the inspiration of its rhythmic swing with its staccato notes came as a figure danced its way across the room and came to a sudden stop.

Personally I have been very happy in my work inasmuch as I have been able to work largely along the lines that I have outlined as being my ideal. When I was doing "Caliban" with Mr. Percy MacKaye for the Shakespearean celebration we worked together constantly. This, of course, was a gigantic spectacle, and offered innumerable chances for scenic effects. I think, however, that I was more satisfied with the first act set for the modern comedy for "Good Gracious Anna-belle" than any piece of work I have ever done. After all, there is the same chance for scenic perfection in a vaudeville act that there is in a pageant play. It would be impossible for me to work seriously at the art of stage decoration without recognizing light comedy, farce, musical

comedy, vaudeville and even the motion picture. Just at this time I am finishing work in order that I may spend the summer with a motion picture production.

I am distinctly pro-American, and I believe that in a few years we will lead the world in stagecraft. America does not have to go to Europe for plays, actors and actresses, nor for producers and artists. Also I have never seen one of the so-called "Little Theatres" that I would exchange for a chance to work on a Broadway production. I am heart and soul for Broadway, and I believe that Broadway is worthy of a far better reputation than is accorded her.

I think that the Russians' idea of the ideal stage picture comes nearer to my own picture of the ideal than any other. They believe that when they look at a stage picture they should see something that is entirely the handiwork of the artist responsible. They believe that an artist should personally—with his own hands—be responsible for every bit of color on the stage.

Even costumes should be the handiwork of the scenic artist. Yes, and if possible, he should build the very furniture.

I have only been able to do such a piece of work on one occasion. That was "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife." For this production I made scenery, the properties, and all the costumes. I was responsible for all the color.

This may be a strange surprise to those who look on the scenic art, and costuming, as separate departments of the drama. They are inseparable! The hands that design a room should construct the costumes of the women who live within its painted walls. Painted? Yes—but painted so skilfully that there is no impression of the unreal; painted so well that they live and give life to the drama they surround.

So it will be in the future decorative art of the theatre. I feel that eventually the ideal I have pictured will be the ideal of the American theatre.



A Jones Design for an Oriental Ballet



Another Sketch by Robert E. Jones



Photos White

Laurette Taylor

Frank Kemble Cooper

Lewis Edgard

Lynn Fontanne

Daisy Belmore

Act I. Annie is determined to go to the front as a Red Cross nurse

In "Out There," Laurette Taylor plays the part of a little cockney girl, who is anxious to do "her bit" for her country. "'Aunted' Annie longs to get out there where the men are fighting, and win the nurse's cap. This she does, and in the last act we see Annie speaking at a recruiting meeting and making a patriotic appeal



Laurette Taylor

Act II. A hospital "out there" with Annie tending the convalescents

SCENES IN "OUT THERE" NOW AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

WHY NOT THE STROLLING PLAYWRIGHT?

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



LOUD lamentation arises these days whenever you ask a theatrical manager, "How's business on the road?" Usually the politest thing he replies is, "There ain't no such animal."

In New York and a few other cities only is the theatre making money. That's why there's such a clamorous demand for playhouses in the metropolis. It's also the reason why authors with money and a very human conviction that the plays they have written are corkers, are keeping promising pieces and capable players in the offing while Broadway is let "In for the Night" and has to undergo the torture of both "The Flame" and "Backfire." The New York playgoer these days is your modern Joan of Arc.

But why is "the road" no longer a source of income? "The movies," answers one Solomon. "Second, third, and fourth companies," insists another Solon. "Automobiles and cabarets," declares a third—Minerva. And so on indefinitely.

I believe there is much reason for blaming the inferior productions managers have been in the habit of foisting on the provinces for so these many years. Something less than a century ago I gave up dramatic criticism in disgust because threats of theatre advertising to be withdrawn brought on a severe attack of pedal frigidity in the case of my managing editor, and he asked me not to be severe on the Western city theatre manager because he billed a second company of "The Earl of Pawtucket" as if it contained Lawrence D'Orsay. D'Orsay (himself and in the flesh) was more or less essential to that particular farce, as playgoers will remember.



THAT sort of thing—the ingenious deception of the provinces—had been going on from time immemorial and has continued at full speed ever since. Latterly, however, the provinces have got their eyes open. They insist on justifying Lincoln in the matter of not being fooled—all of them—all the time. They read the papers and the magazines and usually know more of just what's being played in New York than does the average New Yorker himself—who, following the New York critics, naturally remains in dense ignorance on the subject.

And so when Messrs. Fiske and Skinner announce the original New York cast intact in the celebrated Broadway success, "Grandfather's Horn-Rimmed Specs," Mr. Provincial Playgoer winks his left eye only, thrusts his tongue into a derisive cheek, and remarks that he happens to know full well that John Skiffington, Thomas W. Flabber, Hector Ingleworm, Marie Mullensburg and Marcia Van Rumbledub, all members of the original New York cast, are all playing in New York to-day in other and separate companies. Or he may merely observe casually that the original cast is still playing "Grandfather's Horn-Rimmed Specs" at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, Manhattan, the house "papered" nightly to the guards, and seats given away eight weeks in advance.

All this being the case, what remedy is there for poor business on the road? "Give 'em the really truly original New York casts," you naturally say; but that answer, though logical, doesn't fit in with my present proposal, and so I hasten to drop it *pronto*. Besides, managers will insist that they can't afford original casts in the provinces. And there you are.

Recently I have offered several solemn suggestions for the improvement of conditions theatrical, such as that plays be produced with two endings, one reasonable and the other regardlessly and deliriously "happy," and that to lift our stage we first elevate our audience by making spectators prove their fitness to attend plays of graduated calibres. So that my serious-minded friends may have yet another occasion for insisting to me, "Really, old top, the thing's interesting, but it can't be done!" I append hereto a suggestion for the betterment of road business.



BRIEFLY, what I am proposing is the institution of the strolling playwright. As you may apprehend, he would be a sort of travelling theatrical tailor, ready at all times to cut and fit new and up-to-date dramatic material to suit the talents of the troupe he adorned. The expense problem would be solved. Managers would no longer need to pay \$400 a week to an indifferent "heavy" with a Broadway reputation and nothing else. They would need only a respectably talented repertoire company made up of "quick studies" and the aforesaid theatrical tailor.

Before I unfold the plan, let me refute possible objections by citing two instances in which the idea has already been adopted—one ancient and the other modern, one French in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the other American in the twentieth.

A party by the name of Molière—more or less well known, but not particularly so in these regions—before settling down to be the David Belasco or the George M. Cohan of his day, had been both a strolling player and a strolling playwright for a dozen years. During that period he had dashed off for the use of his peripatetic companions "Le Docteur Amoureux," "L'Etourdi," "Le Dépit," and—for all I know—perhaps even "Les Précieuses Ridicules." It was thus in the one-night stands that he began his reformation of French comedy and brought farce up to that high level where even Avery Hopwood and George Broadhurst were willing to associate with it on terms of intimacy.

Now, Molière wasn't alone in this strolling-playwright business. There were Beys and Magnon and Desfontaines, to say nothing of one Ragueneau who was so adept at both pastry and poetry that M. Rostand later decided to let him recrudesce in "Cyrano de Bergerac." I imagine that even the great Rotrou was likewise at some time or other a playwright-errant. And Alexandre Hardy was famous for writing on the march a new drama in eight days, thus almost equalling the record of Otto Hauerbach.



IN those days they generally had ten or eleven players to a troupe. Scarron describes one of ten in his delightfully unexpurgated "Roman Comique" (he was the Theodore Dreiser of the time), and Molière's company numbered eleven when he returned to Paris in 1658.

Naturally the actors had to play many parts. They "doubled in brass" and everything. One mummer, of whom we have record, anticipated Washington Square Players methods by painting scenery as well as acting comic rôles. As for the strolling playwright, he was a busy man. Not only did he compose his dramas, but he also

remodelled everything he could get his hands on, to suit conditions that changed from week to week. Actors then as now were in the habit of dropping out of the company on brief notice. Hardy was under contract to furnish six tragedies a year and as many other pieces as his troupe might need, besides keeping the old repertoire in repair. He ground out more than eight hundred dramas—more tragedies, one of his friends averred, than *Æschylus*, Sophocles, and Euripides had composed verses.

Perhaps the most delightful part of the whole system was the method of remuneration. After each performance the company—actors, scene-shifters, stage manager, "props," and playwright—all gathered around a table on which lay the box-office receipts, and took share and share alike.

Now for the twentieth century example of the strolling playwright. The only trouble with this example is that the playwright in it doesn't stroll. However, he ought to. At least, he is exactly the theatrical tailor, cutting and fitting his dramatic materials to *suit cast and conditions*. Thus far he has insisted on remaining in New York and environs.

I am alluding to the construction of about half a dozen plays that have appeared in New York during the season of 1916-17, and that were built by the new method. Almost any working actor on the Rialto to-day will tell you that he was engaged to play a rôle that had not yet been determined, in a piece that had not yet been written. The author was lucky if he had already typed Act I and had even the haziest idea of what was to follow.



IN other words, plays are beginning once more to be not written or rewritten but *built* during rehearsal by authors, producers, and play-doctors collaborating with a company of actors. It is what you might call dramatic eugenics, as contrasted with the old slipshod natural way of giving birth to your more or less haphazard brain-children.

Now note the idea. The strolling players with their strolling playwright. No outworn Broadway-success stuff for the provinces. Instead, unfailing novelty, up-to-the-minute drama, perhaps never twice exactly alike. Plays written while you wait—to fit a varying company and a shifting location. The Wild West for the Effete East, and *vice versa*. Request programs. Realism and romance, poetry and pantomime, spontaneity and spectacle. The new art of the stage makes it all possible.

And the result? The renaissance of the drama in the provinces. Mr. Stuart Walker and his Portmanteau more than vindicated. Broadway following where others lead. The Lambs gamboiling at last on the honest-to-goodness green. Such are a few of the possibilities of the strolling playwright.

At all events, it is—as Hamlet would assert—as easy as lying—which so many playwrights of to-day are chiefly doing, with their strained and impossible pictures of life (for "life" read "the theatre") and their claptrap reshapes of mirth (?) and melody (?). Moreover, unless the strolling playwright, or somebody equally efficacious, pitches in and helps the Little Theatre folk and the community players and Mr. Ames and a few others, who are ministering at what seems to be the deathbed of Old Dramatic Art, we shall have to resort (Concluded on page 320)



Press, Ill.

FRANCES STARR

With Miss Gertrude Robinson Smith urging her hearers to enlist in Uncle Sam's sea forces



© U and U

ANNETTE KELLERMANN

Touring the city in the interest of universal military training



© U and U

CLAIRE ROCHESTER URGING MEN TO JOIN THE NAVY

Miss Rochester (in white hat) singing the national anthem. After her song, many men made application to the recruiting station near the Billy Sunday Tabernacle

STAND BY THE FLAG! STAGE FAVORITES HELP RECRUITING

FIRST NIGHT THRILLS BEHIND THE CURTAIN

By SAM FORREST

GENERAL STAGE DIRECTOR FOR COHAN & HARRIS



I NEVER sit in front, on the opening night of one of our plays—firstly: because I haven't the nerve.

The curtain rises. We, the company, clear our throats, put on our most engaging manner and prepare to tell the audience a story.

Will it be interested?

Ah, that's the question.

Sitting in front, watching the face of the audience is akin to the prisoner at the bar awaiting the jury's verdict. No, thank you. Since the law does not compel me to be in court, to watch each juror's face as he files solemnly to his box, I prefer to remain in my nice comfortable cell and let the sheriff bring me the verdict.

We prepare with a great deal of elaboration, situations and lines for laughter or rounds of applause. This process is not an exact science, so we use our trained minds to this end and hope for the best. Can you imagine the suspense of waiting minutes (it seems weeks) in advance to see if the audience is going to do what we expect it to do? By the time the crucial moment arrives we are so exhausted that we don't care whether the play is a success or not.

Of course, we have the same sensation, back-stage, but we don't have the feeling of a million pair of eyes focussed upon us eagerly waiting to see the yellow streak show.

I am reminded of a race-track story about Lucky Baldwin. He was standing at the rail watching a race upon which he had staked a fortune. Isaac Murphy, his famous jockey, came from behind just as the leaders were making the final dash for the judges' stand. Murphy won by an eye-lash. A man standing behind Baldwin slapped him on the back and shouted: "Well, Lucky you won!" Baldwin swallowed his quid of tobacco and replied: "Yes, but I don't want it to happen again."



I HAVE the same feeling on every opening night, and yet that is the night we work and aspire for. It is like biting on a sore tooth to make it ache—it hurts but it is a sensation out of the ordinary. On the opening night of "Captain Kidd, Jr." Rida Johnson Young came back on the stage and asked me if we would sit in front. I said: "Not for all the George M. Cohan royalties." She made no reply, but sat on a soap-box chewing gum while I walked circles around her, chewing a cigar.

It is a safe estimate to say that I walked from here to Buffalo and back, if you measure the distance. As the laughter in front merged from titters to roars and swelled into waves that fairly rocked the house, her gum chewing relaxed and she smiled up at me, on one of my rounds.

"Looks like a big night," I said, with an effort at nonchalance.

"Big," she replied with a million dollar look in her eyes, "I wish I could concrete the audience and give it a great big hug and a kiss—they're wonderful!"

Had we been in front neither of us could have had that bit of relief. It was worth working for and sacrificing a comfortable two dollar seat.

Another reason why I don't like to be in front on an opening night is that it places me at the

mercy of both friends and enemies. Oh! yes—we all have enemies. I don't mean this in a melodramatic sense, but there are people to whom you couldn't give engagements, people whose manuscripts you have not recommended for production, the appointments that you couldn't keep, because you were busy at rehearsals, the money that you didn't lend, or the money that you did. This army of people, however hard they may try to be fair, are unconsciously influenced against you. They are not villains, they are not even bad. They just can't help it. They are there watching the play in that spirit, and you're conscious of this fact. When the play starts to "flop" you have a feeling that this element is saying: "He's a H—of a stage manager," and when they give you the "I told you so smile" and slap you on the back, with gusto, and exclaim in a half falsetto voice, "Great show old man," you say to yourself, "Ah! our old friend Mr. make-believe is with us this evening."



AND then there are your friends. God bless them! They honestly do not want to hurt your feelings. They may not have liked the play but they are too kindly disposed toward you to tell you so, and so they grip your hand and look you in the eye and say: "It's fine, old boy, it's fine," and you paraphrase the poet and say to yourself, "The look that lies in friendly eyes." You know that the play is a failure and you hate yourself for putting your friends in the position of having to lie to you, and hate them for trying to kid you, so you decide the safer plan is to stay back-stage.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a friendly first-night audience. They are too excited and nervous to be anything more than a curious crowd who assemble, much in the same spirit that a mob will gather to witness the demonstration of a new device. They are not particularly interested in the virtues of the device, but curious to see if it will do what the inventor claims it will. This spirit is psychologically transmitted to the producer and company. We have a feeling that the audience is saying "it can't be done," and we buckle on our armor and say "we'll show you." In this battle with the audience I am impressed by a reflection of General Grant, who said, "When I go into battle I am scared of the enemy, but I am comforted with the thought that the enemy is as scared of me as I am of him."

So you might say that I am a trench fighter, and find that it is decidedly safer and much more comfortable to be back-stage with the actors and scenery. If the play is a go, we rejoice together, and if it is a bloomer—well thank God we have a sense of humor—and so we smile—a little sickly, perhaps—but we smile. The average actor is a hero. He can take his medicine like a soldier.



LITTLE Edith Taliaferro played her part in "Captain Kidd, Jr." for over a week, with an altitudinous temperature, and a doctor and a trained nurse in her dressing room, at every performance. Some game little girl—what!

I have had so many first-night experiences that one would think that after a while the edge of nervousness would wear off—but it doesn't—the edge seems to become more acute with each succeeding play. Each opening night seems to bring a new set of experiences.

The play is at the mercy of a myriad of unforeseen and unseeable forces. You are dealing with the artistic temperament of the players, the chance of something missing fire in the mechanism, and above all the mood of the audience. Players are keyed up to concert pitch and in their effort to do their best, they are as apt as not to do their worst. Many things that are carefully rehearsed, are entirely forgotten or swept away on an opening night, either through the overzealousness of the player, or the demonstration of the audience. Otto Kruger, who is one of our best young actors, on the opening night of "Captain Kidd, Jr." worked so hard to put the play over, that his efforts became obvious. The critics did not give him credit for this, but scolded him for it. I have no quarrel with the critics, but merely state this as a fact.

On the opening night of "The House of Glass," Mary Ryan informed me that her third-act gown had been ruined. Not having a dressmaker's mind, the information meant little to me—but to her—poor girl—it was of as much importance as the international crisis is to President Wilson. She had worked herself up to such a nervous tension, that when she came to the big emotional scene in the third act, she played it too realistically. Tears were tears and sobs were sobs. As to whether or not this is the best in art brings up the much mooted discussion as to whether an actor should feel his part or not. So far as I am concerned this is a matter to be decided in individual cases, but this I do know, that after Miss Ryan had played the scene the audience had experienced a genuine sensation. As to whether or not it was an agreeable one, is again a matter of individual opinion, but the point is this, that whatever emotional sensation was produced, the ruined gown figured more conspicuously as the cause than anything that the author or the director had contributed.



GRANT MITCHELL, who will be seen next season in "A Tailor-Made Man," by Harry James Smith, is the nearest specimen, in captivity, of a sure-fire, first-night performer. No amount of direction or excitement could make Mitchell overact. He knows exactly what he is going to do and he just does it irrespective of results.

Leo Ditrichstein, whom I regard as one of our best actors, is as temperamental as a child, and yet he has his art under such perfect control, that first nights are of no more importance to him than a last night, which reminds me of the first performance of "The Great Lover," that was given out of town before coming to New York. It was at the Empire Theatre, in Syracuse, which is one of the largest theatres in the country. After the performance I went to Mr. Ditrichstein's dressing room and the first thing he said to me was, "Well, Sammy, my boy, we didn't play the piece to-night did we?" I said, "How do you mean?" he replied. "When I looked out

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



White

ESTELLE WINWOOD

ONE of the stage exiles driven to our shores by the war, Miss Winwood, the young wife in "A Successful Calamity," was first seen here in the unique comedy "Hush" Sir John Hare took her up and in a revival of "School" by that actor she made her stage débüt before she was thirteen. At the Repertory Theatre in Liverpool she played one hundred parts within four years



Sarony

FAY BAITER

A NOTHER Fay Bainter hit" is a proverb on Broadway. The dark-eyed, fair-haired young beauty of "The Willow Tree" is another graduate of that cradle of dramatic talent, California. She played child parts longer than she can remember. Entrusted with leading rôles she proved worthy of trust. Broadway discovered and endorsed her in its eternal quest of something new, when she played the Girl in "Arms and the Girl"



© Strauss-Peyton

ANNA WHEATON

IT is a family legend that Anna Wheaton was born laughing. It has been her continuous performance ever since. The comedienne made her débüt as Liza with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." She has interpreted Pitti Sing in a revival of "The Mikado," and sung and danced in support of Sam Bernard and James T. Powers. She was also seen at the Winter Garden



RONALD SQUIRE

OF Tiverton, Devonshire, he was educated at Wellington College. His surpassing characterization of "Tony" Paxton, the young cad in "Our Betters," is the culmination of careful training under the master craftsmen, Frank Curson and Gerald Du Maurier. He played Sir Lionel Pilkington in "Mr. Jarvis," Harold Tempest in "Gamblers All," Marston Gurney in "The Ware Case," and Charles Vidal in "The Daughter of Fools"



LOUIS BENNISON

AS Johnny Wiggins in "Johnny Get Your Gun," this son of San Francisco made a distinct hit. Louis Bennison was bred, so to speak, on a ranch. Last season Mr. Morosco brought him to New York to play the Russian in "The Unchaste Woman"



Hartsook

EDMUND LOWE

THIS actor's effective methods in "The Brat" prove the contention that the college man may be an acquisition to the stage. Mr. Lowe is a favorite of San Franciscans since his two years' connection with the Alcazar Stock Company. He is associated in the minds of many American theatre-goers with the part of the sorry hero of the Brieux clinical drama, "Damaged Goods," in which he succeeded Richard Bennett

into that vast theatre, I never thought once of my characterization. The only thought in my mind was that I must speak loud enough."

The most sensational opening night that I can recall was "On Trial." Not that it was the best play, but it was a new stunt and held the audience in a perfect rapture of wonderment and suspense. From my position back-stage, I heard little laughter and only an occasional round of applause. I said to myself, "Aha—we're gone!" Imagine my surprise when Mr. Harris came back, after the second act to inform us that we had scored the sensational hit of years.

For calmness, as an author, Roi Cooper Megrue may be handed a medal. Before we rang up the curtain at the George M. Cohan Theatre, on "It Pays to Advertise," he said to me: "I know that I have done a good job, and now I am going out in front and enjoy the show. I am going to make sure of having my laugh, to-night, even if no one else does." Megrue was right. They did laugh.

One of the most delightful nights that I can remember, was the opening of George M. Cohan's "Hello Broadway," at the Astor. Success was in the air and the audience seemed to be laughing while they were buying their tickets. It was really a wonderful audience. George M.

stood in the first entrance and fairly exuded his personality into the players. If you don't think an actor can get inspiration from a boy in the first entrance, you have never seen George M. Cohan at his best.

The manifestation of first-night nervousness is a curious and often humorous spectacle. For instance, Mr. Sam Harris, who in all matters of business has a calm and judicial mind, will be back on the stage between the acts, working as hard as any of the stage hands. The single idea in his mind, at that moment, is "Let us get the curtain up and get the show going before the audience has a chance to get cold on the preceding act. In the second act of "Captain Kidd, Jr.," the stage is covered with real dirt. Tons of it. We employed fifteen men with shovels to handle it. On the opening night Sam Harris must have shovelled enough of this dirt to fill in the subway.

The most extraordinary first performance on record, so far as I know, was the initial performance of "Officer 666." The play at that time was not in good condition and we knew it. No one had much confidence in the piece, the company least of all. We opened with a matinée on New Year's day in Trenton. This is itself operated us a chronological feat of bringing Lent

and New Year's together. We were prepared for the worst. Vegetables, at that time, were within the economic reach of the public. The scenery was of the try-out genus, and so far as I could see had little to recommend it, beyond the fact that it didn't cost anything.

Well, the show started and so did the audience. The scenery got a round of applause by way of beginning. The first line spoken got a laugh. The comedy throughout was great and when we got into the melodrama of the play—well I have never heard such thunderous applause in my life. George Nash and Wallie Eddinger thought the audience were kidding them.

It was not until after the play had scored its big New York hit that we commenced to realize that the darned old thing was the real thing after all.

The best we are getting out of our game is our first night. Outside of the bread and butter side of the profession, the first-night is the Alpha and Omega of the whole proposition. If a play is a failure then we're through, after the first night. If it is a success we just get in the habit of coming to the theatre, night after night. We get all the comforts and emoluments of success, but we never again get that first-night thrill.

THE PLAYWRIGHTS OF HAZELTON HALL

By HAROLD SUSMAN



THE professors of physics and the professors of metaphysics looked down upon the professor of dramatics. But the professor of dramatics did not bother to look down upon the professors of physics or the professors of metaphysics. The only persons to whom he looked up were William Shakespeare and David Belasco. He had read William, and he had met David.

Professor A. B. C. Butcher was the author of three books and one theory. The three books were "The Start of the Theatre," "The Heart of the Theatre" and "The Mart of the Theatre." The one theory was that people could be taught to write plays. Of course, there was a difference of opinion. But that only created comment and attracted attention. The course announced as "English 57" was known from Maine to California.

Professor Butcher had supreme confidence in himself, and twelve young men had supreme confidence in Professor Butcher. That is, twelve young men every year, twelve young men who spelled the drama with a capital D whenever they wrote about it and whenever they thought about it. These disciples were nothing if not enthusiastic. Absolutely nothing.

By a curious coincidence, six of the twelve lived in the dormitory known as Hazelton Hall, although there were many other establishments round about the university from which to choose. It must have been a case of birds of a feather flocking together. The birds they suggested were parrots.

If the fellows taking law or medicine or arts and science talked "shop," those taking dramatics lived "shop." From the first thing in the morning until the last thing at night they chattered about "my comedy" or "my tragedy," as the case might be.

They combined the jargon of the college with the jargon of the theatre in a most amusing

manner, until classroom was half greenroom and greenroom was half classroom, and neither was quite what it should have been.

Although they all wanted to write plays, they also wanted to express their individuality. Schuyler Van Cortlandt, from New York City, wanted to write drawing-room diversions, like "Lady Windermere's Fan." Eben Hodges, from Torrington, Conn., wanted to write rural reminiscences, like "The Old Homestead." Jordan Nicholls, from Detroit, Mich., wanted to write commercial comedies, like "It Pays to Advertise."

Roger Dickinson, from Providence, R. I., wanted to write plays with a mission, like "Justice." Emerson Cabot, from Boston, Mass., wanted to write psychological studies, like "Hedda Gabler." Fletcher Fitzgibbon, from Terre Haute, Ind., wanted to write musical comedies, like "Very Good Eddie."

Edgar Lattimer, from Los Angeles, Cal., wanted to write fairy fantasies, like "Peter Pan." Lee Valentine, from Jackson, Miss., wanted to write Civil War melodramas, like "Secret Service." Fritz von Schulenberg, from Milwaukee, Wis., wanted to write picturesque pantomimes, like "Sumurun."

Wilbur Everett, from Augusta, Me., wanted to write college plays, like "Brown of Harvard." Percy de Normandy, from New Orleans, La., wanted to write "glad" plays, like "Pollyanna." And Arnold Rutherford, from Englewood, N. J., wanted to write moving-picture scenarios, like "Intolerance."

When they sat in their own rooms, they talked plays, and when they sat in each other's rooms, they talked plays. When they walked in and out of Hazelton Hall, and rode up and down in the elevator, they talked plays. The play was the thing, and no mistake about it!

"I have started a new comedy entitled 'The Absurdity of Being Algernon,'" said Schuyler

Van Cortlandt. "It is to be in three acts and three hundred epigrams, a hundred epigrams to an act! I am going to refer to it as 'A Play on Words.'"

"Well, I am working on the second act of a drama called 'The Old Farmhouse,'" said Eben Hodges. "I have a wonderful catch-phrase for the leading man, the old farmer. He will start the piece by saying, 'Gosh ding it!' and will end it in the same way. I will have real horses and cows and pigs."

"I have finished the third act of my farce named 'You Need Publicity,'" said Jordan Nicholls. "It is about American business men and American business methods. I got the local color from my father's clothespin factory! Plays of this sort represent the spirit of this age."

And so it went. Everybody talked, but nobody listened. Now and then they really wrote. They wrote with pen, with pencil, and with typewriter. And they sent all their plays to all the managers. The amount of postage used was extraordinary.

And lo and behold, one of the plays that left Hazelton Hall did not come back! It was actually accepted! A New York manager promised to produce it! These tidings came like a bolt from the blue!

And who was the fortunate fellow? Schuyler Van Cortlandt, Eben Hodges, or Jordan Nicholls? Roger Dickinson, Emerson Cabot, or Fletcher Fitzgibbon? Edgar Lattimer, Lee Valentine or Fritz von Schulenberg? Wilbur Everett, Percy de Normandy or Arnold Rutherford?

None of these! Who then? Francis Flanagan! Who was Francis? The elevator-boy in Hazelton Hall! Mike Mulligan was jealous. Who was Mike? The janitor in Hazelton Hall! The janitor insisted that his play was as good as the elevator-boy's. That may be true, but the trouble is that there is so much competition!



Photo White

(Left)

Arnold Daly and Cathleen
Nesbitt in "The Very Min-
ute," the new play by John
Meehan at the Belasco
Theatre



Photo Ira L. Hill

ON AND OFF BROADWAY—TWO NEW PLAYS

(Right)
Frank Mills and Ann
Andrews in Ossip Dymow's
play, "Nju," now being pre-
sented by Joseph Urban and
Richard Ordynski at the
Bandbox

WILLIAM ELLIOTT—THE STAGE PRODIGAL

By HELEN TEN BROECK



A MIRACLE OF MANHATTAN!

Thirty-fourth Street roared with after-theatre noises; the raucous shriek of automobile horns, the clang of trolley gongs, the shrill calls of traffic police and newsboys, the clatter of hoofs and rattle of wheels that tell the amateur in night noises that the procession of market wagons across the Jersey ferry is "on" for the Saturday vegetable trade—these and other kindred sounds roared across the wide street to greet the audience from Oscar Hammerstein's big Manhattan Opera House, at the fall of last Friday's curtain upon the final scene of "The Wanderer."

And piercing through all this saturnalia of sound, a meek, unusual note made itself heard with that soft insistence that belongs to the meek, and causes them to inherit the earth by very reason of their calm, unruffled, patient endurance. It was the bleating of Judaean sheep that mingled with the night noises. The softly plaintive throaty "m-a-a-a, b-a-a-a" of sheep from Judaean hills, as those meek actors in "The Wanderer" made protest against the tumult of our modern Babylon as it surged noisily around their pasturage.

The outer sounds were less deafening, and the plaintive protest of the bleating flock more insistent as I knocked at the star dressing room of the Manhattan Opera House, to congratulate William Elliott upon his double triumph as actor and producing-manager of the most impressive and elaborately staged biblical drama ever given in America.

For "The Wanderer," a dramatized version of the parable of the Prodigal Son, far outruns the early traditions of "Ben-Hur" both in the matter of sumptuous presentation, and in the less biblical detail of box-office returns which have established a new record, since audiences that tax even the vast Opera House applaud "The Wanderer" at each performance.

"Congratulations or condolences; which are you offering?" questioned the young hero of the parable and the play.

"Congratulations," I cried, "of course, congratulations."



M R. ELLIOT ran his hands through the dusky curls of the prodigal, and then lifted them heavenward in a gesture of protest.

"Congratulate me if you like, upon my partnership with F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest," he said, "and congratulate me if you have a commercial mind, upon the enormous success of the production. Congratulate me upon being surrounded with a company of fine players, congratulate me upon the privilege of producing a play that is genuine literature, genuine drama and genuine human experience crystallized in a gripping parable, but don't congratulate me upon playing another of those prodigal rôles that seem to pursue me and which I am unable to avoid or evade."

Mr. Elliott's voice took on the same minor cadence that thrills through the penitent utterances of the boyish swine herd, and plaintive sheep raised a voice of sorrow from some region under the stage, that seemed to echo the protest of the star.

"You see," continued Mr. Elliott, "except that every son always seems a prodigal to his parents, when he strikes out for himself and claiming his

inheritance of a right to create his own life, goes forth to taste the fruit of the tree of knowledge 'on his own,' I have always been quite the reverse of the gay young rounder I seem fated to impersonate.

"This prodigal business overtook me one fated Sunday almost five years ago, when I was cast for the rôle of Youth in George Hobart's 'Experience' at a Lambs' Gambol. Somehow I seemed to strike the author as a headstrong young spendthrift of opportunity, who ought to be encouraged along the downward path and then pulled up after bitter draughts of the waters of experience have purged his soul. Therefore he expanded his Lambs' skit into a play, and offered it to me for production. 'I am willing to produce the piece,' I said, 'but I don't want to play

was the rôle I was created to play from the beginning. In vain I retired from the cast of 'Experience' to produce plays in which I did not appear. The prodigal scripts still came rolling in. Finally Mr. Samuels submitted the manuscript of 'The Wanderer.'

"What a part for James O'Neill," I cried when I read it. "And what a rôle for Florence Reed—and so on down the big cast of characters. I could see Harry Woodruff as 'the Wanderer'; but alas! poor Harry! Life's last curtain fell for him, just as I was about to offer him the part. So again the voice of Destiny seemed to command.

"Of course, I appreciate the privilege of appearing in so fine a play, and with so fine a company of actors and actresses, and you may imagine what a joy it was to produce 'The Wanderer' with such partners as Mr. Comstock and Mr. Gest, with David Belasco, whom all producers must call as Walt Whitman called Shakespeare, 'the boss of us all,' bringing his unapproachable art and craftsmanship to our assistance."

Again Mr. Elliott sighed. And again the sympathetic echo from below filled the silence that fell in the star dressing room.

"After an actor has once tasted the joy of producing a play," he continued, after a pause, "I don't see how he can resign himself to merely playing a single part. In staging a piece, he finds himself silently acting every rôle in the play, and finally he seems to epitomize all the characters in one concrete whole which makes the single part he is called upon to create a very tame and trifling performance, indeed."



White

WILLIAM ELLIOTT

Who plays the Prodigal in "The Wanderer"

the principal part." However, as every actor we tried to engage (for, of course, Mr. Gest was associated with me in the production) was engaged for some other play, I finally decided to do the part for four weeks until the young man who was my ideal was at liberty to step in and continue playing the rôle of the young prodigal. But at the end of the period, it was felt that for business reasons I must remain in the cast to save the salary of a substitute, and so the rôle of Youth was wished on me for an indefinite period. During the seasons that have elapsed since then, I have played Youth more than a thousand times—since extra matinées have been necessary to accommodate the audiences that flocked to see 'Experience'—and I believe I have read more 'prodigal' plays than ever confronted an actor-manager since the beginning of time. Clergymen, dramatists, actors, lawyers, social reformers, convicts, congressmen, millionaires and chauffeurs have submitted manuscripts which they believed contained parts certain to win fame and fortune if I played them."

Mr. Elliott sighed gloomily and his lips twisted into a bitter smile as a corroborating "b-a-a-a" floated from below.

"Otherwise perfectly good women sprang up before me with scripts of 'prodigal' plays which they had written in a burning belief that theirs

BUT you will continue to play this one particular prodigal?" I ventured, wondering where another actor could be found who could so perfectly realize the young Judaean. Into the eye of the actor stole an expression I can only describe as Scotch and canny.

"Hush, hush," he whispered with vast caution. "I am afraid to say so but I shall continue to be this particular prodigal—but never again another. Hereafter for me the upright young man who goes right in the first act and continues in virtue to the end of the play."

"And have you such a part in mind?" I asked.

For the first time Mr. Elliott smiled brightly—indeed it is not to much to say that hope and happiness met in radiance upon his brow as he spoke.

"Indeed, yes," he admitted. "I have had among all the prodigal plays I have read during the past year, one piece that is different, and very wonderful. Of course, what I really wish is to produce plays and not to act in them, but in the piece I mention is a part so happily uniting all the qualities I really like portraying, that I look with avid eagerness toward creating the central rôle. Did it ever occur to you," continued he, "that some of the best acting characters have very few lines to speak? My idea of a really splendid part is one in which I should be called upon to say yes and no at intervals and nothing else. In 'The Wanderer' I talk, talk, talk, almost continuously from eight-thirty until eleven, but in the ideal play of my dreams, I shall simply come in to accept the sympathetic situations their conversation created for me."



From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton

J E A N N I N E E A G E L S

As Lucy White in the revival of "The Professor's Love Story," Miss Eagels plays with sympathetic understanding and rare charm



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Sydney Shields

Mary Boland

H. E. Herbert

SCENE IN "THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER" AT THE LYCEUM



Photos White

Edward Martindel and Olga Roller in "Eileen" at the Shubert



Maude Fulton and Lewis Stone in "The Brat" at the Harris

S C E N E S I N C U R R E N T B R O A D W A Y P R O D U C T I O N S

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



HUDSON. "OUR BETTERS." Comedy in three acts by W. Somerset Maugham. Produced on March 12th with this cast:

Elizabeth Saunders	Diantha Pattison
Pole	Robert Brinton
Lady Grayston	Chrystal Herne
Fleming Harvey	Joseph McManus
Thornton Clay	Fritz Williams
Duchess of Surennes	Rose Coghlan
Antony "Tony" Paxton	Ronald Squire
Principessa Della Cercola,	Leonore Harris
Lord Bleane	Cecil Fletcher
Arthur Fenwick	John Flood
Ernest	Arthur Chesney

THE most shocking comedy in New York."

That is the way W. Somerset Maugham's latest was advertised at the Hudson.

Not altogether dignified but a type of lure that seldom fails to help the box-office.

To my mind "Our Betterers" shows a marked advance over Mr. Maugham's previous products. It is vital at least, even if he does show up with almost brutal frankness the hollowness of British society as reflected by American women who have exchanged their cold cash for glittering coronets.

It is largely talk, but most of Maugham's plays find their best value in the dialogue. He is always snappy, caustically biting and mordantly cynical. His fable needs all these trimmings for at best the plot is just a reflex of a certain number of people and their accompanying manners and morals, or perhaps lack of them.

The principal character is Lady Grayston, a New Yorker, who plays with fire, mainly for want of higher responsibilities... and becomes involved, but by the sheer force of her humor, daring and cleverness, puts matters back just as they were before. This rôle is acted by Chrystal Herne with a fine grasp of its mental and physical attributes. Almost cruelly repellent she invests it with a personal charm that makes it quite human and real.

Her protector, an American bounder—even she entertains beyond her means, for it is expensive "to give the English something for nothing"—is acted with gross fidelity by John Flood. Pettishly airy is Fritz Williams as an expatriated American, while a nice note of pa-

thetic feeling is sounded by Leonore Harris whose marriage has been a failure.

Two gems of characterization are supplied by Rose Coghlan and Roland Squire. The latter, much younger than the Duchess de Surennes, is a sheer dependent on her bounty. Not a very healthy situation but the Duchess, as acted by Miss Coghlan, and Tony, as played by Mr. Squire, supply a number of scenes irresistible in their comic verve and effect.

The young American pair who, as lookers on, become disgusted and return home evidently to plight their troth—the girl was to have been married off to a title by her sister, Lady Grayston—are respectively acted by Diantha Pattison and Joseph McManus.

Whatever may be said of "Our Betterers" the fact remains that it is splendidly acted.

39TH STREET. "THE FUGITIVE." Play in five acts by John Galsworthy. Produced on March 19th with this cast:

George Dedmond	Edward Emery
Clare	Emily Stevens
General Dedmond	Charles Harbury
Lady Dedmond	Charlotte Granville
Reginald Huntingdon	Duncan McRae
Edward Fullarton	Henry Warwick
Mrs. Fullarton	Alice John
Paynter	Walter Howe
Burney	Ethel Stanard
Twisden	Thomas McLarenie
Haywood	Milton Pope
Malise	Conway Tearle
Mrs. Miler	Annie Hughes
Porter	Roger P. Williams
A Messenger Boy	Percival Vivian
A Young Man	William Boyd
Arnaud	Paul Doucet
Mr. Varley	Gavin Young
A Languid Lord	Harry Blaising
A Gentleman	J. Alfred Osborne

GALSWORTHY takes some problem in life, presents both sides of the hypothesis and then turns it over to his audience for its own particular solution, for this English author has learned that the really serious questions of life are more than difficult to solve *ex curiam*.

"The Fugitive," which he wrote several years ago, recently had its first metropolitan hearing at the 39th Street Theatre, with Emily Stevens in the title rôle. Technically, it is an inferior play, that is to say, its mechanics would seem to be unnec-

essarily clumsy, but its story is interesting, and Galsworthy always writes dialogue that is free from a superfluity of words. He is nothing if not direct.

Clare Dedmond is a disaffected wife, a something between Nora Torvald and Hedda Gabler. She refuses to live with her husband—he's not a vicious man, he simply bores her—leaves home and tries to make a living. She fails and fate drives her into the arms of a journalist, Malise, who as a dreamer has somewhat fomented the spirit of her revolt. When she finds that she is ruining his career she leaves him. Again relentless fate pushes her still further on and she ends in the street. Defiant to the end she commits suicide with poison in an all-night supper club.

In explanation Clare says: "I am too fine and not fine enough, my best friend said that. I couldn't be a saint and martyr and I wouldn't be a soulless doll. Neither one thing nor the other—that's the tragedy."

If there are such women as Clare—and there are undoubtedly many such—Galsworthy has painted her portrait with an insistent and telling technic. Miss Stevens is effective in the rôle. Many will like her, but for so young a player she is yielding more and more to mannerisms and affectations that must tell upon the growth and maturity of her art.

It is a splendid performance in truth and reserve which Conway Tearle gives of Malise. Edward Emery is sincere as the husband. Duncan McRae is a nice manly brother, and Annie Hughes as an English char woman is a veritable slice of London life.

The supper room scene with its independent list of characters is inadequately presented. It is not a well-staged production.

SHUBERT. "EILEEN." Comic opera in three acts. Book and lyrics by Henry Blossom. Music by Victor Herbert. Produced on March 19th with this cast:

Captain Barry O'Day	Walter Scanlan
Sir "Reggie" Stribley	Algernon Greig
Dinny Doyle	Scott Welsh
Lanaty Hackett	Harry Crosby
"Humpty" Grogan	John B. Cooke
Shaun Dhu	Greek Evans

Mickey O'Brien	Joseph Dillon
Colonel Lester	Edward Martindel
Biddy Flynn	Josie Clafin
Rosie Flynn	Louise Allen
Lady Estabrooke	Olga Roller
Eileen Mulvaney	Grace Breen
Marie	Paulette Antoine
Myles	Lewis Ayer
Peter	Francis X. Hennessy
Sergeant	Roger McKenna
Corporal	Eric Block

FTER viewing "Eileen," the new comic opera by the ever tuneful Victor Herbert and the not so comic Mr. Blossom, one is regrettably forced to the conclusion that the great Irish operetta, like the "great American play" has yet to be written.

Pity the poor librettist who has to sit down and concoct a book out of the hackneyed ingredients of the Irish rebellion of a hundred years ago! The inevitable colleens, the old-time costumes, the red coats and white wigs, effectually stifle from the outset the slightest inspiration. The result is a hopelessly old-fashioned piece, painfully barren of incident or idea and with a threadbare, clumsy, naive plot that carries you nowhere and creaks badly at every turn. A joke sprung by one of the comedy characters on seeing the statue of Winged Victory: "If that's victory, give me defeat" gives some indication of the humor of Mr. Blossom's book.

The principal feature, of course, is the music, and of this one has his money's worth. Mr. Herbert's score is altogether charming and well up to his usual melodious standard. It is a trifle heavy for its subject, making it smack, at times, of grand opera. Edward Martindel sang well and acted with distinction the part of a British officer. Grace Breen was a sympathetic, but somewhat colorless heroine. Walter Scanlan, as the hero, lacked the dashing personality the part required. Algernon Greig contributed the only light touch of the evening with a humorous song most cleverly done.

The chorus sings remarkably well, as do most ill-looking choruses. They do themselves credit by their harmonious rendering of the two best songs in the piece. One of these, "Free Trade and a Misty Moon," which is by all odds the most captivating bit of the entertainment, is led by Greek Evans in the rôle of Shaun Dhu. His voice with its vibrant power and beauty of tone lends grateful relief to the usual piping of actors and others usually found in Irish song plays.

There is a plot, but at the hour of going to press no infringement suits have been started by our six

best plotters. My readers will be glad to know that there is no punch.

COMEDY. "PLOTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS," by Edward Massey. "THE POOR FOOL," by Herman Bahr, translated by Mrs. F. E. Washburn-Freund. "Sganarelle," by Molière, translated by Philip Moeller. Produced on March 21st with the following players:

Ole Stadstad, Phyllis Critcherson, Ralph Bunker, Jean Robb, Ralph L. Roeder, Helen Westley, Charles H. Meredith, Florence Enright, Arthur E. Hohl, Katherine Cornell, Ruby Craven, Alice Radier, Philip Tonge, Edward Balzer, Robert Strange, T. W. Gibson, A. E. Gillette, C. N. Hare, Frederick Rider, Marjorie Vonnegut, Margaret Mower, Elinor M. Cox, Gwladys Wynne, José Ruben, James Terbell, Frank Longacre.

OKING fun at Broadway success is, with the Washington Square Players, a popular indoor sport. In their third new bill of the present season they do it in two acts and seven scenes.

A popular playwright, whose alcohol has failed him, seeks inspiration in West Eleventh Street, where the street-piano plays late into the night. There he meets an O. Henry, who tells him there is drama on every floor of the adjacent tenement and proceeds to demonstrate by means of three would-be slices of life.

On the first floor the Fifth Commandment is badly battered by the flip daughter of a self-sacrificing but unappreciated mother. If there had been ten floors, each of the well known, if unpopular, rules and regulations tabulated by Moses might have suffered a similar fate. But the floors were only three.

In Apartment 2 a self-denying girl and a self-indulging one advise a third, who is younger, and who consequently rejects their advice. Meanwhile, just above them Xenophon has a worse anabasis than ever when an eager student tries to read him during the Bacchanalian revels of a brother and his friends.

Of course, the playwright—thinking of English 47—is dissatisfied with so much inconsecutiveness. He proceeds to weave this Eleventh Street material into a burlesque on the crook-and—"East Lynne" drama (mostly "Kick In," by the way). The travesty is comic, but neither timely nor subtle. For the most part, it is laid on with a trowel.

Of such is "Plots and Playwrights," by Edward Massey.

The second piece is Hermann Bahr's "The Poor Fool," a long and

tenebrous variation on the theme of "Heimat" ("Magda"). The moral is that self-denial is bunk; self-indulgence, "the fever called living." The self-denier ends as a pathetic old crab, the self-indulger, as a sort of glorified nut. According to Bahr, Christian ought never to have floundered out of the Slough of Despond. If he had only sunk deep enough, he would have found God—if not the Celestial City—at the bottom. In other words, the celebrated Truth inhabits the depths of a mud geyser.

The bill ends with a rhymed English version of Molière's "Sganarelle," which is highly decorative. The more I hear of rhyme in the theatre, however, the more I appreciate the wisdom of Shakespeare in discarding it.

José Ruben does brilliant, if often stagey, acting as the imbecile brother in the Bahr piece; and he is ably seconded by Arthur E. Hohl as the crab, and by Marjorie Vonnegut as little daughter. In "Plots and Playwrights" Robert Strange, T. W. Gibson, and Florence Enright carry off the honors.

But if the Washington Squares keep on delaying the hour of opening and lengthening the performance, they will soon be competing with the Midnight Frolic.

BANDBOX. "NJU." Play by Ossip Dymow. Translated by Rosalind Ivan. Produced on March 22nd with this cast:

Nju	Ann Andrews
He	Henry Stanford
The Husband	Frank Mills
Kostja	Arthur Le Vien
Marie	Laura Burt
A Young Man	Harry Hall
The Waiter	Thomas Mitchell
Mascha	Violette Wilson
A Chambermaid	Irene Bevans
The Florist	Thomas Mitchell
An Elderly Lady	Helen Schade
Another Lady	Elsa Barnard
Dusja	Donah Benrimo
A Tall Lady	Helen P. Blake
A Student	Clarence Lee Felter
A Gentleman	James T. Allen
A Young Lady	Isabel Wither

WHEN a woman has been married eight years to only one husband and has accomplished little more than the rearing of a golden-haired boy, she naturally gets a bit restless. And especially in Russia, she is likely to revolt. Give her a chance to flirt at a ball with an amorous near-poet, and nine times in ten she will leave her bearded spouse and go out into the world in quest of her soul or something.

Yes, dear reader, she is a *femme incomprise* of the George Sand type;

and like another Emma Bovary, of limited ability to endure a prosaic bread-winner who knows only how to love her, even as you and I.

Unfortunately, near-poets living in furnished rooms, don't grow into plaster saints. The particular specimen selected by Nju, in the Urban-Ordynski play at the Bandbox, soon wearies of her. Then she discovers—just as have 8,739,326 other heroines of the theatre—that what she was really in quest of was death and promptly achieves it. The wonder is that some of these ladies don't die first and do their eloping afterward.

"Nju" is in ten brief episodes. It is more or less undramatic narrative. Its characters are all commonplace types, portrayed with little skill. Its plot was an antique in the early Eocene. It is a little trivial, tinkling tune played on the dramatic triangle by a mediocre instrumentalist. And the triangle virtuoso, to succeed in our day, must be more than a Kubelik or a Paderewski. He must be a Henry Bataille.

Much would naturally be expected of both Mr. Urban, and Mr. Ordynski by way of production. But in this respect, too, "Nju" is largely disappointing. Mr. Urban has given it a Gordon Craig screen background and achieved several striking effects. The lighting, however, is almost criminal. "Nju" is played for the most part in the dark, and no pains have been spared to give the spectator a jumping toothache in both eyes.

During one scene the audience faces the glare of a huge chandelier in the centre of the stage. The rest of the time is spent in striving to discern the features of the carefully concealed players. Me for the good old mid-Victorian footlights.

The acting is as commonplace as the play. Miss Ann Andrews rarely convinces. Henry Stanford as the lover, is stagey and unreal in the extreme. Frank Mills makes the husband fairly credible. Arthur Le Vien is a pathetic, if overgrown, child.

"I've got into such a mix-up!" wails Nju, during a lull in hostilities. Wherein the lady undoubtedly chirped a forkful.

GLOBE. "OUT THERE." Play in three parts by J. Hartley Manners. Produced on March 27th with this cast:

"aunted" Annie	Laurette Taylor
"Princess" Lizzie	Lynn Fontanne
"Old Velvet"	Daisy Belmore
'erb	Lewis Edgard
Monte	Colin Campbell
Dr. Hanwell	Frank Kemble Cooper

The Irishman	J. M. Kerrigan
The Cockney	Leonard Mudie
The Canadian	Hubert Druce
The Scotchman	Douglas Ross
The New Zealander	A. E. Sproxton
Griffin	James Archer
Terence	Henry Oxenford
A Newcomer	George Kemble
Another Newcomer	Philip Newman
Gabrielle	Catherine Proctor

MR. J. HARTLEY MANNERS flatters himself when he calls "Out There" a "dramatic composition." Taking it by and large and on the whole, as so many spectators are very likely to do, it is neither dramatic nor a composition.

The piece has a reasonably good first act, depicting a conventional Cockney family, with a gin-sodden mother, a pugilistic slacker, one flip and cynical daughter, and one other filled with an aspiration to do her bit in the war. Act II begins well in a hospital at the front. In it are convalescents representing nearly every type in the British army. The Cockney girl with the sense of duty, who is, of course, Miss Laurette Taylor, plays "Peg o' My Heart" to these wounded men, and for a little while there is much fun.

But each of the patients has only one stunt, and he is made to repeat it over and over in turn throughout a nearly interminable scene. As a result, I found a study of the ever-amazing, if saddening, New York audience a relief from the monotony behind the footlights.

Eventually two newly wounded men are brought in delirious, and a mood of semi-pathetic comedy gives way abruptly to one of horror which naturally fails to "carry" as it should.

As for the last act, with one scene in the Cockney household showing everybody converted to patriotism and another in which Miss Taylor, now a Red Cross nurse, addresses an imaginary audience in Trafalgar Square—it must simply be added to the long list of atrocities this war has fathered.

Miss Taylor is fairly pleasing as the hospital slavey with ambitions, although no one who hears her speak will ever accuse her of having been born within sound of Bow Bells. Miss Lynn Fontanne, as the cynical sister, fairly outshines the star with a most realistic impersonation. J. M. Kerrigan contributes an amusing characterization of a pessimistic Irishman who hates everything but sweets. Mr. Frank Kemble Cooper makes an amiable surgeon.

There may be very much in "Out There" that is real, for ought I know, but most of it is decidedly un-

interesting. The management announces three more plays for Miss Taylor. Better trot 'em out.

LYCEUM. "THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER." Play in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced on March 26th with this cast:

Lord Camber	H. E. Herbert
Sir Bedford Sluffer, F.R.C.P.,	W. L. Abingdon
Maid	Lyn Harding
Lady Camber	Henry Dornton
Lady Matilda Rye	Shirley Aubert
Peach	Mary Boland
Esther Yorke	Kate Sergeantson
	Louie Emery
	Sydney Shields

THE third of a trio of English plays with which the present season is winding up, had its *premiere* recently at the Lyceum.

It was from the prolific pen of Horace Annesley Vachell, and is a distinct improvement on "The Chief." Still that's not saying very much. But it is a splendid cast that gives it vitality and reason and B. Iden Payne's stage direction is excellent.

"The Case of Lady Camber" is a parlor melodrama. It is intermittently interesting. Its second act is admirably engrossing in its steady advance to a fine climax. The ultimate act holds the interest to the end. But its exposition is childlike in its bland stupidity and too much of its conventional machinery creaks violently as its wheels go round.

Lady Camber is a music hall star that Lord Camber has married in a fit of pique; for Camber is in love with Esther Yorke, a trained nurse in the employ of Dr. Napier to whom her ladyship is brought for treatment. She suffers from cardiac trouble. As she is convalescing she learns, through a jealous attendant, of Camber's infatuation, upbraids the innocent nurse and dies. A deadly poison enters herein and Esther is suspected. She is cleared, however, Camber's worthlessness is shown up and Dr. Napier, who has secretly loved the nurse, is free to marry her.

Lyn Harding is a dignified and contained enthusiast in his profession as Napier. A fussy, fashionable physician is enacted with unnecessary exaggeration by W. L. Abingdon, while the nurse, Esther, is played with fine sincerity and naturalness by Sydney Shields.

It is a very sustained bit of character that Mary Boland presents as the vulgar, jealous and turbulent Lady Camber. Her hysterical outburst at the end of Act II is a fine example of effective emotionalism.

An insinuatingly subtle and forceful picture of feminine malignity is contributed by Louie Emery as Peach, Lady Camber's middle-aged dresser; while H. E. Herbert, in the difficult rôle of Camber, shows that a rotter may still never forget that he is born a gentleman.

GARRICK. "STRANGER THAN FICTION." Play in three acts by E. H. Sothern. Produced on March 5th with this cast:

Salaw Jasin	John Craig
Joseph Billings, M.D.	Fred Eric
Colonel Pocklington	H. Cooper Cliffe
Ethelbert Briggs	Edgar Norton
The Countess of Bellport,	Katharine Stewart
Alfred (Lord Brompton)	Mary Young
Nannie	Stella St. Audrie
Mathilda	Georgia Bryton
Smiles	Robert Capron

IN his play signalizing his purpose to devote himself hereafter to playwriting, Mr. Sothern accomplished all that can be done with the impossible.

"Stranger Than Fiction" was similar to "The Big Idea," produced a season or two ago. People are brought together by fortuitous circumstances, owing to a fog in London, and half of them are crooks, whose schemes are thwarted through the able assistance of Archer's book on playwriting. A character in the play undertakes to do what is really the function of the Almighty. In this case the principal character, a dramatist, refers constantly to a copy of Archer's book and comments with satisfaction on how the action is developing according to rule. We did not find in it satisfaction of any sort. It certainly was not drama. It was not even satire, which it might be if the thing itself were set forth without comment by some character in the play. Sheridan's "Critic" is an example of how satire is achieved.

In Mr. Sothern's play we had utter artificiality, a shaping from the outside, and a doubleness that attempted to put two objects in the same place, something that is contrary to natural law. It was neither one thing nor the other.

John Craig, with his wife, Mary Young, are capable artists. They did every thing possible with the play. But the story was not intelligible or reasonable.

GARDEN. "THE RIDER OF DREAMS," a comedy. "GRANNY MAUMEE," a tragedy. "SIMON THE CYRENIAN," a passion interlude. By Ridgeley Torrence. Produced on April 5th with this cast:

THE RIDER OF DREAMS

Lucy Sparrow	Blanche Deas
Booker Sparrow	Joseph Burt
Madison Sparrow	Opal Cooper
Dr. Williams	Alexander Rogers

GRANNY MAUMEE	
Granny Maumee	Marie Jackson-Stuart
Pearl	Fannie Tarkington
Sappie	Blanche Deas

SIMON THE CYRENIAN

Procula	Inez Clough
Drusus	Andrew Bishop
Acté, Princess of Egypt	Lottie Grady
Battus	Theodore Roosevelt Bolin
Simon	John T. Butler
Pilate	Alexander Rogers
Barrabas	Jesse Shipp
The Mocker with the Crown of Thorns	Robert Atkin
The Mocker with the Scarlet Robe	Thomas William
Egyptian Herald	Frederick Slade
Centurion	Jerome Osborne, Jr.
Longinus	Ralph Hernandez

MRS. HAPGOOD'S venture in presenting three plays written by Ridgeley Torrence and acted by negroes, is really the first noteworthy achievement of the kind on an elevated plane and worth considering.

The little plays, crude and imitative to a certain extent, both on the literary side and in the acting, exhibit native qualities that promise something and that gave more than was expected.

The first one on the bill, "The Rider of Dreams," with Opal Cooper, is very clever. A shiftless husband falls in with a slick person who induces him to get from the bank the eight hundred dollars which his hardworking wife has saved up in order to buy the house in which they live. The shiftless husband has always dreamed of living without work and having plenty of money. He is to form a partnership with the slick person which will realize this dream. The money is dropped near the house of the landlord who that night is to close the sale. His return of the money and his lecture to the dreamer make the play, the action of which is full of character incident. The husband had stolen or taken a guitar with which he expected, in his music-loving soul, to occupy himself when he began making money in his mythical partnership.

It is fair to say that the characterization, both in the play itself and in the acting was not imitative. It represented the race from original sources.

"Granny Maumee" is less creditable. An old crone, given to voodooism on occasion, curses her daughter when, after a long absence, she comes back home with a child with white blood in him. The old Negress is proud of her race and wants no contamination. She dies in an in-

cantation calling down evil on the white malefactor. The play is in reality, theatrically and dramatically, untrue. However, it is no worse than similar plays by dramatists not of the race.

"Simon the Cyrenian," entitled a passion interlude, concerns the cross-bearer of Jesus as he was about to be led to death. Historically, it seems, this follower was black. He, in the acting, suffers his indignities with dignity; is reviled and slapped and beaten and has a crown of thorns thrust on his head by a vile jester.

Whites were used in the minor numerous parts. The play was picturesquely staged.

What would seem the most remarkable incident of the performance was the self-possession of the performers and the fact that they were, for the most part, letter-perfect in their lines. Marie Jackson-Stuart had several speeches of a length that would tax any memory. Sincerity was in their work, refinement of art was lacking; the exhibitions of naturalness were interesting, crude but not ineffective.

A feature of the evening was the orchestral music, with characteristic negro songs. "Walk Together Children," one of these songs, is described as an old Negro Spiritual, developed by J. Rosamond Johnson, the musical director.

GARRICK. "GRASSHOPPER." Play in three acts by Padraig Colum and Mrs. F. E. Washburn Freund, founded on a play by Keyserling. Produced on April 7th with this cast:

Michael Dempsey	Ashton Tonge
Father Myles	Thomas Donnelly
Matt O'Connor	John P. Campbell
Tracy Nowlan	F. K. Cowley
Andy Crosskerry	Charles Webster
Murty Lynott	Philip Tonge
Eamon Hynes	Philip Loeb
Mark Brogan	Warren F. Hill
Thomas Barach	Edward Broadley
Thady	Philip Loeb
Sheila Dempsey	Eileen Huban
Bridget	Mrs. Dudley Digges
Mauve Dempsey	Jane Ross
Ann Dempsey	Nellie Peck Saunders
Peg	Adele Klaer
Sarah	Lillian Jago
Johanna	Yvonne Jarrett
Old Catty	Esther Mendel
Mrs. Gilsenin	Helen Ryon Merriam
Jillin	Yvonne Jarrett
Judy	Evelyn Roeder

THERE are several things distinctly worth while in "Grasshopper," at the Garrick, first the contemplation of the exquisite, natural, simple, touching, histrionic art of Eileen Huban in the title rôle, and two scenes, at least of ingenuous

(Concluded on page 320)

Novel use of a
Japanese screen
which serves
as a curtain



Photos White



Act I. The wood carver shows his beloved image to the Englishman and relates the legend of the willow tree



Act II. The Image (Fay Bainter) come to life



Harold De Becker

Darrel Vinton

Richard Taber

Mrs. Thos. A. Wise

Shelley Hull Fay Bainter

Arvid Paulson

Act II. The blind woman sings her song of unhappy old age



Shelley Hull

Fay Bainter

Act II. Hamilton tells the Image how happy she has made him



Act III. The Willow Princess gives up her life to save her lover's honor

SCENES IN "THE WILLOW TREE" A FANTASY OF JAPAN

CHARM VS. ACTING ON THE STAGE

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



WHAT are the most valuable assets to a woman seeking success on the modern stage—charm with a modicum of real acting ability, or real acting ability with a modicum of charm? The ideal actress, of course, should have all of these qualities, but, unfortunately, nature is rarely so prodigal in bestowing her gifts.

When an actress like Maude Adams, who cannot, even by her most adoring admirers, be called beautiful, sweeps a vast audience off its feet, and arouses men and women to such enthusiasm that they are emotionally intoxicated, what is the answer?

"Why, it is very simple," you say. "She is Maude Adams."

Precisely. And what has given her such unique standing on our stage? Isn't it largely personal charm? Wouldn't an American audience greet her just as enthusiastically in a drama by Bill Smith as they would in the most delicate and fanciful Barrie play ever written? In her case, the play is most emphatically *not* the thing. That was proved when she appeared as "Chantecler," a part for which she was obviously miscast. No one went to the theatre to see "Chantecler." They all went there to see Maude Adams. It is the wistfulness of her smile; the little sobbing quality in her voice; the sympathetic femininity of the woman herself that lure human beings to the playhouse when she is acting.

All of the good fairies were present when Maude Adams was born. She is the darling of the footlight gods.

Platitudes! Platitudes! someone is shouting. We admit it, but these remarks are provoked by the gauntlet that was recently hurled at the fair feet of Maude Adams, Laurette Taylor, Emma Dunn, Frances Starr and Ruth Chatterton by a New York critic, who dared them to pick it up and prove their versatility by exchanging rôles.



THIS challenge awakens echoes in closets where theatrical conventions, like family skeletons, have long lain hidden, and, if accepted (which is extremely doubtful), would rattle the dry bones of stage tradition and enliven things a bit. It would be a rarely interesting experiment and the outcome could not fail to furnish much food for speculation and thought. At least we should see—what we should see. Incidentally, it might aid in answering this question about charm versus acting ability, which was undoubtedly the original riddle propounded to Oedipus by the sphinx lady. When he guessed it she slew herself, and the world to-day has no authentic knowledge of riddle or answer.

You who have seen Laurette Taylor this season in that beautiful play of mother-love, "The Harp of Life," try to imagine her swapping rôles with Emma Dunn and playing the star part in "Old Lady 31." Then close your eyes and draw a mental picture of Miss Dunn as the mother in Mr. Manners' play. Now Miss Taylor, here is your chance to prove that Sarah Bernhardt was right when she prophesied that in five years you would be the foremost American actress. It would also be an excellent opportunity for Miss Dunn to demonstrate conclusively to her own and every manager's satisfaction, that she can play rôles other than those of aged damsels in distress.

Shouldn't a great actress be able to submerge

her own personality in that of the part she is playing? Shouldn't she be a sort of stage every-woman capable of revealing in the imaginary part that she is depicting, the emotions that would naturally seethe in the bosom of the character's prototype in real life? Shouldn't she be an alchemist, as it were, with the power of transmuting the baser metals of stage convention into the pure gold of her art? In other words shouldn't she make you entirely forget her actress entity and remember only the rôle that she is assuming for the nonce?



IF Ruth Chatterton, for instance, could be induced to "Come Out of the Kitchen" and play in "'Ception Shoals" wouldn't her interpretation of Eve Coffin be so radically different from that of Nazimova as to change the entire atmosphere of the play? Could one imagine the fluffy and wholly adorable little Chatterton person playing in the key of elemental passion that makes the performance of the Russian actress such a vital and fierce thing that one forgets the absurdity of the play itself in watching Nazimova's tense and panther-like emotions?

Many years ago when the late Richard Mansfield was playing "Peer Gynt," the last play in which he appeared before his death, the audiences were electrified by the acting of a little woman who impersonated Ase, the long-suffering mother of the erratic Peer. No one thought of the actress behind the part, but everybody sympathized with the pathetic little mother who had such an imp of a son. All the attention was distracted from Peer Gynt and for the time being his mother was the star of the production. And when she died (in the play), every person who saw her experienced a feeling of personal loss. That was great art. The little woman, who was then practically unknown, has since become famous as a "stage mother." Her name is Emma Dunn.

Wouldn't it be delicious to see Miss Dunn appear as a sweet girl graduate after she has been mothering so many wayward boys of the stage? Although she has worn gray hair and a mother "make-up" more times than she likes to think about, Miss Dunn is glowingly youthful if the public would only let her be herself. A few years ago there was a familiar advertisement that read: "I am looking for a dear old lady." Well, every time a manager is in this predicament he sends for Emma Dunn. This year she is the wife of "Old Lady 31," and wears gray ringlets and a shawl, but we won't be happy until she plays that giddy young thing.



TAKE the case of Laurette Taylor who played "Peg o' My Heart" so continuously that her friends began calling her "Peg." She seemed doomed to be a "Peg" person all the rest of her stage life. But Miss Taylor is artistically independent. She had no intention of remaining a one-part star. So the first thing she did after returning to this country from triumphs abroad, was to create a brand new rôle—something as different from "Peg" as a wood violet is from a sunflower. There was a wide gap between the character of the gay and irresponsible "Peg" and that of Sylvia Brooke, the successful young mother in "The Harp of Life," but Miss Taylor bridged it with her art. Now she is an all-part

star and the "Divine Sarah" has called her great.

And take "The Case of Becky"—rather, the case of Frances Starr. Here is a young actress who has charm plus ability and, during the past few years she has run the gamut of the emotions. From the hardened heroine of "The Easiest Way" she has transmigrated to "Little Lady in Blue," her latest impersonation. But between these two there were other plays, notably "Marie Odile." And now she has exchanged the nun-like garb of that innocuous young creature for the bright-hued raiment of a sentimental adventuress whose heart interferes with her business. Which has counted most in Miss Starr's success—charm or acting ability?

There is another little woman who shouldn't be overlooked, now that we are all telling our first names. She is the very slender, very slight, and intensely feminine young person who has the difficult stage job of seeing to it that "The Man Who Came Back" stays put. And if you don't think Mary Nash works hard, go and see her some night in this Jules Eckert Goodman drama. Few of the tired shop girls who hang to subway straps at the close of a busy day use up more vitality than does Miss Nash in making a real man out of this latest prodigal son. And she thrills her audience night after night by dint of sheer acting ability. She possesses but little of that intangible something which, for want of a better word, we designate as "charm." But she has heaps and heaps of that other something for which many a footlight beauty would gladly barter her soul.



AS Marcelle in "The Man Who Came Back," Miss Nash's acting has been a revelation to her most ardent admirers. Those who remembered her splendid performance of the stenographer in "The Woman" were prepared to see her give a finely shaded and intelligent reading of her new rôle. But she did more than that. She proved herself to be in many respects, a great actress. Her impersonation of the cabaret singer who becomes a victim of the opium habit and then regains her heritage of self-respect and climbs to the heights with the man she loves, is unforgettable. She surpassed all of her previous stage achievements. Her acting is marked at all times by artistic restraint, but when the crucial moments of the play give her the opportunities, she rises to the peak of emotional intensity and thrills her audience.

Miss Nash is as different from the other actresses we have mentioned as a subway guard is from a Harvard professor, but she gets there just the same. What is the answer? We are waiting.

And how about Irene Fenwick, who works her way into the deepest recesses of your heart and curls up there like a kitten? Isn't charm her biggest asset? Doesn't she win you over in spite of yourself—often when she is appearing in plays that you detest—merely by this aforesaid something that we have previously mentioned in our discourse?

There are two animated personifications of charm that this season has brought to light. They are Eva Le Gallienne, the young daughter of the poet, whose delineation of Patricia Molloy, the whimsical drudge in "Mr. Lazarus," almost made that intensely human little play a success, and Fay Bainter, (Concluded on page 316)



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

FLORENCE NASH

AS the star in "To-morrow's Child," a new play by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford, which is soon to be presented here, Miss Nash will have ample opportunity to exercise her quaint charm and pleasing mannerisms

HOW I DID NOT GET INTO THE MOVIES



THE chief object in writing my experiences, is to set forth frankly the difficulties besetting the path of those neophytes who aspire to get into the movies. My advice to those who contemplate the step is the same as the famous advice of *Punch* to those about to get married: Don't!

I come from a dramatic family. From our earliest years my brother and I were actors, and never happier than when taking some part or other for the amusement of our friends. I did not take up the stage as a profession, but this did not deter me from being a successful amateur actor.

When the motion pictures began to come into prominence my brother and I became movie fans. We lived in hopes that some day there would be room for us in the motion picture field, as according to report, directors are always looking for talent.

At last the day came. I had a letter of introduction to one of the directors of one of the biggest studios in —. I arrived in — in due course, and before going to the studio I thought I would visit a studio much advertised. I went, paid twenty-five cents for admittance and wandered round a kind of gallery overlooking the studio. I was immediately fascinated in the work of the carpenters, paperhanging and property men. In one or two corners scenes were in the making, and a few players were being rehearsed by the directors. It seemed unnecessary to be an actor or actress, for the director apparently does all the acting which is imitated by the actors in front of the camera. It's like a game of chess. He (the director) moves the people round like so many pawns.

THE following Tuesday I received a message, informing me the director would see me. I sped up to the studio buoyed up with hope, but —. I arrived and gave my card to the outside guard (a girl in the office who reported it to the inside Guard Doorkeeper) who in his turn sent someone after the director. After a few minutes I was ushered into the precincts of the studio grounds, or lot, as it is called by the movie people, and here I was met by Mr. — who shook hands and was quite affable, but being a keen student of faces, I could read my fate directly I looked at him. The outcome of our chat was that he gave me a letter of introduction to another studio, as I, being a comedy man, could not be used in his studio.

At the time of that interview, I did not know what a compliment I had received in being granted the privilege of seeing the director personally. A director is too busy a man to interview movie aspirants. This explains why the doorkeeper is such a strict, husky person. His special duty is to keep out callers, extras, etc. I thanked Mr. — for his kindness and as I shook hands I knew it would be my last interview with him, for believe me, it's easier for the proverbial camel to pass through the eye of a needle than a man or woman without film experience to get into the movie game in 1917, unless he or she has a reputation and a name that will draw the money at the box office.

Next morning I went to the other studio. I was received and my name, age, height, weight and all particulars were written on an application card and filed away with several hundred others. I was told there was not much being done at present and I would be advised if they

could use me. I was now thrown on my own resources. My letters of introduction had failed me; the only way open was via the "extra" route.

TO be a movie "extra," you must be able to swim and to ride, have a constitution of iron, be a good mixer, sober, philosophical, ready to undergo any hardship and be able to stand on your two feet for two or three hours each morning outside the studios hoping to be engaged. You have also to be the owner of a dress suit, supply your lunch and make-up and the pay is \$3.00 a day at the large studios, less at the smaller ones. You register your name in the office and when any extras are required those on the list get the first chance. You must be outside the studio before 8 A. M. (which means you have to be up about 6 A. M. to reach the studio on time), and there you wait until some official comes out about 9:30 A. M. and informs you that the street scene or the crowd or what you will will not be wanted until the end of next week. You then disperse and next morning you go to another studio and go through the same ordeal, standing round, waiting and hoping.

Let's examine the crowd that I mixed with morning after morning. Oh, shades of Charles Reade! Truly, they were all sorts and conditions of men—and women! Tall men, small men, fat men, lean men, hunchbacks, niggers, children, men with whiskers, and men without, some in Palm Beach suits, others in overalls, some in loggers' dress, all nationalities, and the women (poor creatures, how hard for them to stand all those hours!) All types from the artificial stout lady to the gentle fawnlike creature of sixteen. The little office is packed to the door, and out here in the wire-fenced enclosure like so many prisoners of war, are the balance of the crowd, perspiring freely in the hot sun. Here is refinement shoulder to shoulder with coarseness and brutality. Here is a jolly, philosophical Italian playing craps with some of the boys and throwing his money on the ground with nonchalance. There is the snake man, a stout, clean-shaven individual with his lunch basket.

"Yes, I use to handle snakes, but there aint no call for them now," he complained. "I get 'em from Mexico and they're rattlers and ticklish customers to tackle. The — Film Company had a scenario where a couple of rattlers were needed and they sent for me. I asked \$25.00 a day and they told me my price was too high, so they got a couple of rattlers themselves. There was nobody that could handle them except me, and in the end they had to engage me at my own price. I used my two snakes in the scene, where the girl was to be attacked by the rattlers. I was not filmed, but ready to rush in if they got too near the girl. The guy who played the hero in the piece is supposed to save her life by shooting the snakes just as they are going for her and he certainly did shoot 'em, and he blew their goll-darned heads off. Of course, I kicked up a fuss and in the end the film company paid me for them and gave me their two rattlers into the bargain. I didn't do too bad, for my two wouldn't have lived another week."

A NOTHER extra I spoke to, a clean clear-eyed American, had lost and left all in Mexico. He had seen men wantonly slain and he himself seeking protection under the Union Jack or the German flag, a fact that had greatly

humiliated him as an American citizen.

"Why are you working as an extra?" I asked.

"I guess it's better than a pick and shovel," he replied.

"And how much do your average earnings come to a month?"

"Oh, anything round \$40.00 on an average."

"How do you like this business of standing round, like so many hungry 'wolves'?"

"I don't like it, but it's the only way. I know it's degrading to anybody with refined feelings but a fellow must live. I can tell you this kind of life makes an anarchist of a man."

Another man told me it was good business for the trolley car company, for they make about fifty dollars each morning, bringing the "Bums," meaning the extras, to the studio and taking them back to the city.

Taking the crowd as a whole they were a good natured lot, yet on each face was a tense look of anxiety, and one morning when two of the officials came out of the studio to take names, the extras were on top of them like so many wolves, pushing, elbowing, and fighting for a place, so that their names would be on the precious list. It was a regular rough and tumble scrimmage, the refined, the genteel, the tough, all struggling desperately, and as they fought their way out of the crush again, after seeing their names written down, the perspiration dripped off each. I, as a slight man, stood no chance whatever. Only the strongest got there.

One morning the lucky ones were the men with whiskers (Alas, I am clean shaven!). The whiskers had their innings together with some nigger boys, and one old patriarch of some seventy summers and winters, with a long white flowing beard and watery eyes. He was also engaged and afterwards I saw him in his makeup, a moving-picture actor, one of the crowd certainly, but still for all that an actor. Poor old fellow! I wish him luck. I have only seen a few sadder sights and that was in England where the unemployed gather outside the City Halls waiting for work.

THE alleged and much-advertised fabulous salaries of the movie stars are responsible for attracting to filmland thousands of talented and experienced men and women who never succeed in getting a foothold in the business. I am not a quitter, but it's an absolute impossibility for a man to earn his living as a movie actor in 1917 unless he has a little money to keep him from starving, whilst waiting round for an extra's job and the remote chance of distinguishing himself sufficiently to attract the attention of the much-overworked director.

As far as women are concerned their task is equally as hard, that is, if they are true to themselves, and are proof against the pitfalls and dangers which are ever before them. How some of them manage to eke out a living honestly, the Lord only knows!

Perhaps the reader of these lines is the comedian of his family. You are the funnyfellow that all your friends talk about, perhaps you have been before the public and have received the merry "Ha-Ha" and the glad hand. You know you have placed your stuff across the footlights successfully. Mr. Funnyfellow, could you do that funny stuff, say at 9 A. M. in the morning, the weather roasting hot, your audience, the director, the cameraman and his assistant and perhaps a crowd of (Concluded on page 314)



Silhouette of a famous screen cowboy—William S. Hart of the Ince-Triangle Company



Robert Louis Stevenson in the Movies. Scene in the film version of "The Bottle Imp." (Lasky Paramount)



Old friends in the legitimate, George M. Cohan and Ethel Barrymore renewed their acquaintance at Jacksonville, Fla. recently, where they were both posing for the camera



White

EMMY WEHLEN
The dainty musical comedy favorite who is now starring successfully in Metro films



Campbell

MARY MILES MINTER
Although still in her teens little Miss Minter is nevertheless a favorite in filmland



© Lumiere

NORMA TALMADGE
Whose beauty and exceptional ability have placed her in the front rank of our screen stars

PATRIOTISM ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

By LAWRENCE SOUTHERLAND



AMERICA has not been far behind other nations in the use of patriotic incident on the stage, but it has not as yet created any one drama which, on the wave of popular feeling, has helped carry the American people into conflict with a wild spirit of enthusiasm. The average person, were he asked to mention any play that had had a direct influence in "whipping up" American public opinion, might, with justice, claim that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which in four or five versions, flooded the cities of this country between the years 1852 and 1856, did actually help increase the feeling against slavery.

The American dramatist did not make use of the events of the Civil War for nearly a quarter of a century after the termination of that titanic struggle, and then we get a large group of patriotic plays: Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah"; William Gillette with his "Held by the Enemy," and "Secret Service"; Belasco with his "Heart of Maryland"; Clyde Fitch with his "Barbara Frietchie," and William deMille with his "Warrens of Virginia." The stage became as plentifully peopled with Union heroes and Southern heroines and vice-versa as the Revolutionary stage became peopled with Redcoat spies and Patriot maids, or Patriot Spies and noble Redcoat heroes.

There can be no question that the presentation of a stirring war drama at a time of great public tension makes a powerful appeal to the patriotism of the nation. Recognizing this fact, the Educational Dramatic League of which Mrs. August Belmont is President, is about to give performances of Mr. Gillette's play, "Held by the Enemy" as the League's contribution to the propaganda for National preparedness.



ONLY recently we are attempting the old-time methods of trying to appeal to the public by a reflection on the stage of the immediate moment. You will never get a group of people together and wave an American flag before them without a thrill of enthusiasm, however reticent the public may be to stand when the "Star Spangled Banner" is being played at the theatre.

In our cheap ten, twenty and thirty cent melodrama of days gone by, whenever a very poverty-stricken group of American sailors rushed on the scene to save the hero, or the heroine from dire annihilation, there was usually spontaneous applause. In "Madame Butterfly," whenever the American war vessel is mentioned, one gets certain response from the public, even though the America hero of this tragedy is not one the public sympathizes with in his treatment of the little *Butterfly*.

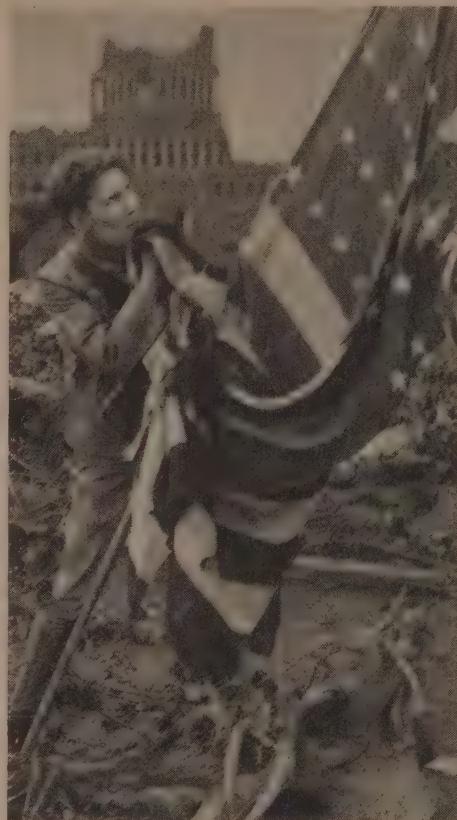
With our disturbances on the Mexican Border, we have had certain crude attempts to reflect the National point of view and to stir popular enthusiasm. Augustus Thomas' "Rio Grande"—a modernized "Arizona"—was an appeal for preparedness. Richard Walton Tully's "The Flame" reflected the hatred of the Mexicans for the Gringo, even as his "The Rose of the Rancho" reflected the same spirit.

In the moving pictures, likewise, we have had scenes which have aimed to strike the public fancy, as a morning editorial would strike it, into action. "The Battle Cry of Peace" exploited Hudson Maxim's belief in preparedness to the

hilt. The Hearst film, "Patria," painted in pictures the folly of unpreparedness. It may be that such dramas and such pictures are warning us in the same way that DuMaurier's "An Englishman's Home" warned Great Britain before the actual conflict with Germany. One can never tell. What the stage should try to do is to awaken people to that patriotic fervor which, when the time does come, will carry them as far as the nation requires. At the Hippodrome, in

Dix's "Across the Border," one begins to realize the horrors of war.

The Civil War gave the American dramatist little time for actual reflection of the events of the moment. While the theatres kept open both North and South, and while companies traveled, the conflict was too imminent, too near to the hearts of the people to call forth any immediate expression of patriotism other than that which was being practised in everyday life. We can imagine what must have been the feelings of the New Orleans people when Mrs. John Woods appeared at the Varieties Theatre just before the Civil War, introducing a Zouave drill, and "Dixie" was played for the first time, having been composed by Daniel Emmett, one of Dan Bryan's Minstrels. At different times, during the conflict between the two sections, actors themselves enlisted—Laurence Barrett, W. J. Le Moyne, James E. Murdock and Charles Wyndham having been in battle, the latter at Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg.



FOR THE FLAG!

A patriotic moment on our stage

New York, we have had wild, ridiculous waving of American flags, and rushings on of American soldiers and sailors, in the huge spectacular "Wars of the World." These scenes were witnessed with idle curiosity rather than with any great fervor.

This subject of patriotism on the stage is one that might well receive careful treatment from the American dramatist. There is no more vivid way of teaching history to young people than by visualizing historical scenes. That is why "The Birth of a Nation" is educative.

It is generally agreed that the French public is the most responsive to changes of thought and feeling on the stage. Those who have witnessed Rostand's "L'Aiglon," in this country, have declared that the real true circumstances under which to view this poetic story of the little duke are surrounded by a French audience, where waves of enthusiasm punctuate the different scenes. The present great war has called forth many foreign dramas of patriotic appeal. Seeing Madame Bernhardt in her little playlet, "The Field of Honor," one has a thrill as tremendous as that which follows the playing, or singing, of the "Marseillaise." Witnessing Beulah Marie

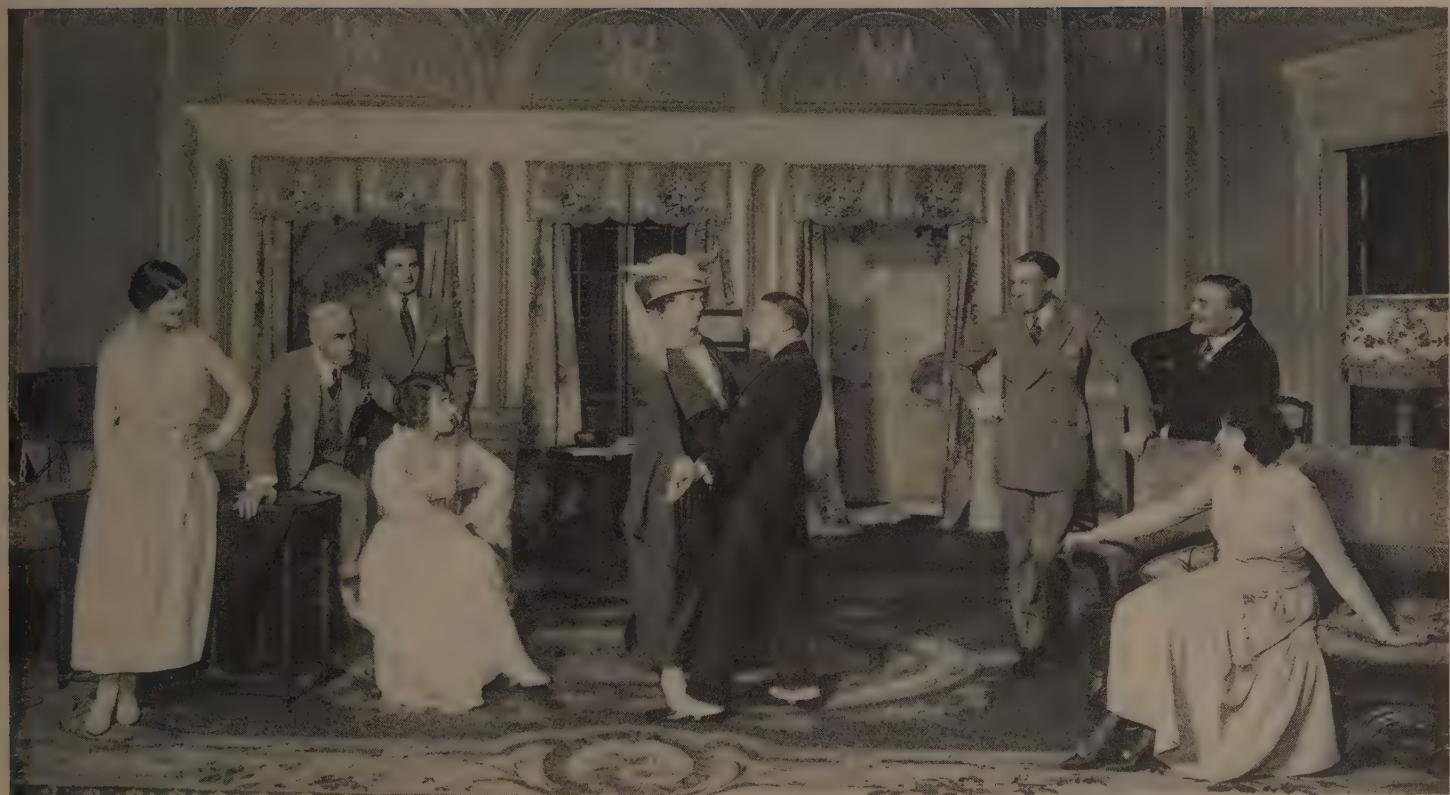
PERHAPS the most momentous historical incident in the American theatre occurred on the evening Laura Keene, playing in "Our American Cousin" in Washington, was a witness to the assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, the insane brother of the renowned Edwin Booth. This event, happening during the Civil War, has been a subject which has received vivid treatment on our stage. No one who has witnessed Mr. Chapin's minute, and tremendously human characterization of Lincoln, in his drama of that name, could ever forget the feeling of profound interest created in all those little happenings which vivified these particular pages of history. The actual assassination of Lincoln has figured in the moving pictures recently, Griffith's monumental "The Birth of a Nation," reproducing the interior of Ford's Theatre in Washington and also the actual incident.

The spirit of Lincoln was also effectively created in Winston Churchill's novel, "The Crisis," turned into a play, and likewise into a moving picture. But perhaps the most successful depicting of the spirit of Lincoln, without actually showing the character, was in James A. Herne's "Griffith Davenport," the play of the circuit rider and his family during the Civil War.

The way to test effectiveness of a war drama is to read it to someone with intense feeling.

Can we ever forget the effect Mr. Herne's "Griffith Davenport," and Mr. Gillette's "Secret Service" had on one unreconstructed rebel of the South, who had had a full share of excitement and trouble in the actual conflict of war, and who knew the atmosphere from experience. When a dramatist, writing from a Northern standpoint, as Mr. Herne did, can create sympathy in the heart of a Southerner, he is doing a big piece of work. When Mr. Gillette, in "Secret Service," can create an atmosphere which would reproduce vividly to a war veteran the atmosphere of a time now gone, he has accomplished a big thing.

Now, these Civil War dramas did not actually come on the wave of any tremendous feeling. Rather, they came to appeal to that romantic fervor in people which realistic drama has never been able to crush. An audience to-day will thrill over the Minute Men of the Revolution and they will thrill over the Commodores of



Diantha Pattison, Fritz Williams, Joseph McManus, Chrystal Herne, Rose Coghlan, Arthur Chesney, Ronald Squire, John Flood, Leonore Harris
SCENE IN "OUR BETTERS," A SCORCHING SATIRE ON THE AMERICAN COLONY IN LONDON, AT THE HUDSON



Photos White

Katherine Cornell

Alice Radier

Ruby Crayen

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN "PLOTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS"

This little play, which made the hit of the new bill at the Comedy, shows a shabby lodging house where a tipsy dramatist encounters a short-story writer, who insists that there must be a play on every floor. He finds the best material in Apartment 2, where a self-denying girl and a self-indulging one advise a third, who subsequently rejects their advice.

TWO PLAYS WHICH HAVE SCORED ON BROADWAY

1812, or the Generals of 1864, because of an innate patriotic feeling which makes the nation. Yet the American manager has not had as much faith in American history for the stage as he should have. During the Spanish-American War, there was very little to call forth the patriotic attention of the theatregoer, even though we had had some Cuban atmosphere in Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," and a humorous view of revolution among Latin American people in George Ade's "The Yankee Consul." Looking farther back, we may say that our early Colonial drama, which was fostered by the early American colleges, in a way reflected the

patriotism of that period. One can well imagine the revelry, not unmixed with spleen, with which Burgoyne's Red Coats witnessed their General's play, "The Blockade," which held the Boston patriots to scorn. And equally as vivid is the picture of those Americans who, near Amboyne, witnessed Mrs. Mercy Warren's "The Group" which, in like bitterness and satirical sharpness, held certain loyalists up to shame.

During the revolution, certain dramas were penned hot haste on top of the event. One play was actually published the day of the Battle of Lexington. Brackenridge's "Bunker Hill" was dashed off shortly after the event. And so other

countless pieces, of more interest to the student than to the general reader, might be mentioned.

To-day when America's international relations were never more critical, and when the eyes of every American are turned eagerly to Washington, the time is ripe for a big patriotic play voicing the sentiments of our people. The native dramatist never had a more splendid opportunity. Standing on the border line which separates a nation engaged in the pursuits of peace from one determined to protect at any cost its rights and its honor, we look to the American dramatist and wonder which one will first attempt to reflect the spirit of the American people.

JACQUES COPEAU-AUTHOR, ACTOR AND PRODUCER



JACQUES COPEAU, as his name plainly indicates, is a Frenchman; it indicates just as plainly to a student of the French etymology that he is of the old French stock *pur sang*, which carries down to this day the admirable Gallic traits. These are among others, simplicity, straightforwardness, a sincere love of letters and "the innocent charm of the Muses." The type is not common in French literature and by their works as well as by their personality French men of letters exhibit the defects as well as the virtues which grow out of cosmopolitanism.

It is profitable and salutary to meet an honest specimen of another race. Cosmopolitans we have often with us to fence with. From their caressing voices and fascinating manners one is often at a loss to know the real man. One is permitted to see Jacques Copeau at a glance and feels no hesitation to ask him a direct question, expecting to get a categorical answer. I asked him at once.

"Did you come over to take charge of our young (and delicate) Théâtre Français?"

"No," said he. "A number of persons have talked with me about it but it has been only talk. I am not in a position myself to do more than talk. I have a work which is my life work—the Théâtre du Vieux Columbier. Since the outbreak of the war this theatre has been closed, all the men of the company having been mobilized or having volunteered, but the Old Dove has only been sleeping. Since November, 1915, I have been training young people to make up a fresh company. If the war is to continue I shall be deeply interested in what is being said to me by the subscribers to the French theatre in New York. The problems it offers it would be delightful to try to solve, but at the first true dawn of peace I should have to go back to my own work."

"Meanwhile permit me to assure you that I came here, unsought, to speak to the American people about the French Repertory Theatre. I have been giving, at the Little Theatre, a number of conferences on the Renovation of the French Theatre—I, L'art dramatique et l'industrie théâtrale; II, Le Théâtre du Vieux Columbier; III, L'Ecole du Vieux Columbier; IV, Les Auteurs-dramatiques nouveaux; V, Le renouvellement de l'art scénique; VI, Le Problème du Théâtre Moderne."

"My program also includes one conference at the Columbia University on 'Le Mise-en scène de Molière' and readings from the French poets at the homes of Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. Philip M. Lydig and Mrs. Alexander. I am to visit other cities and shall remain in your country until June."

Born in Paris in 1879 of a family of artisans of true French blood Jacques Copeau has been a spectator of the various abortive attempts of the French theatre in the nineteenth century to emerge from the delicate atmosphere of artifice and perform a nobler and more national task than "to set a fashion." He followed the trend of the Théâtre Libre when it produced Ibsen, Tolstoi and Strindberg and "discovered Emile Fabre, Georges Ancey, François de Cirel and Henri Brieux." He witnessed in Lugné Poe's Théâtre de l'Oeuvre the issue between soul and soul as Maeterlinck dramatized the child spirit. Nothing satisfied him, not the romance of Rostand, the brutal comedy of Brieux, Ibsen's compound of symbolism and realism nor the new

Théâtre des Arts and ran all over Europe. It was "Les frères Karamazow," founded on Dostoevski's novel, but said to be a recreation of the original. Encouraged by this recognition, he prepared an original play in which his dramatic reactions had their first opportunity, "La Maison Natale."

No longer ago than October, 1913, le Théâtre du Vieux Columbier was started by M. Copeau with the support (chiefly moral) of the writers on the *Nouvelle Revue Française* a couple of publishers and a young actor or two. The founder, who, up to then, had not acted, became an actor at once, besides manager, stage director, scene designer, scene setter—a Pooh Bah, but not in the musical comedy sense. In order to create a free French stage, devoted to the masterpieces of the past and open to writers of the present in sympathy with its aims it was necessary that its founder should expand into a dozen men; ideas must not only be created by him but their proper mise-en-scène restored and the actors found and trained who could carry out an artistic reaction.

"Where do you go for your people?" I asked M. Copeau, "do you seek them at the Conservatoire?"

He threw up his hands. "If I did we should have met defeat before we started. Our actors are trained for their rôles, they have had no previous experience. While the men of our troupe are in the trenches I have been training boys and girls, starting with them at the age of fifteen. The first training is gymnastic and Delcroze's Rhythms are practiced assiduously."

From its beginnings in October, 1914, to the following May the Vieux Columbier gave in Paris two hundred and fifty performances of a repertory drawn from Molière, Shakespeare, de Musset, Henri Becque, Paul Claudel and a few new writers. It had been heard of all over France and Europe, it had played in the Rhine cities and in England, its small home theatre was quite inadequate to admit the crowds who were attracted by its excellent acting and novel staging, it had done successfully what a good many other troupes had tried to do and failed.

In England they said that what Mr. Granville Barker is to London, M. Jacques Copeau is to Paris, a cheap and worthless way of disposing of a subject. Whether from lack of the human material or the lack of the literary material Mr. Barker's efforts of reform have been spasmodic and half-hearted. The zest and gusto of the young artists of M. Copeau's troupe give life to Molière's comedy that has not been in it since Molière himself taught actors how to speak his lines.

WILLIS STEEL.



Photo Fairchild
JACQUES COPEAU
Founder of the Théâtre du Vieux-Columbier, Paris

hash with its false flavor of moral indignation concocted by Hervieu, Bernstein, Donnay, Bourget, Capus, Bataille and a legion of others.

In his blood, where ran some of the old strength of the Gaul, he felt a strong distaste for these pretended social efforts to save the drama and in 1907 he began to write in the *Grande Revue* dramatic criticism in which the most hallowed reputation was not spared and the mediocrity of current production, the immorality of theatrical customs, and the compliance of critics were mercilessly scored. Copeau was the ancient Frenchman with the love of comedy, and the modern theatre, commercialized, disgusted him. At the same time he was writing plays. One was produced with success at the



Arnold Genthe
EUGENIE FONARIOVA

Russian mezzo-soprano who is to be heard here in concert. She is a brilliant exponent of the music of her native composers



White

With manuscript in hand, and his dog "Bill" under his arm, George Arliss alights in front of the Knickerbocker Theatre, where he is starring in "Disraeli"



© Ira L. Hill

RUTH MAYCLIFFE

Known in private life as the Princess Braganca d'Avellar. She was last seen here in "Officer 666" and is shortly to return to the stage in a new play



Press Ill.
RICHARD MANSFIELD, JR.
Although young Richard shows marked inclination for the stage, he has cast aside ambition and enlisted in the French Ambulance Corps



Press Ill.

JULIAN ELTINGE

Surely there is nothing effeminate about Mr. Eltinge, the well-known female impersonator, in this picture snapped in his home



© Underwood & Underwood

FLO ZIEGFELD, JR.
The prominent theatrical manager as a hobo—a rôle he assumed at a costume ball given in Palm Beach recently

YELLOW PERIL THREATENS VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



DRAMATISTS who have been struggling valiantly for years to transplant to the stage the atmosphere of the newspaper office and the romance of the reporter's life may now be expected to concentrate their energies upon vaudeville playlets, seeking there an outlet for their excessive journalistic inspirations. Their indifferent success with full-length plays has had no deterrent effect upon the writers who specialize in one-act plays but they too have experienced the same difficulty.

But now that one of the myriad of plays and sketches with a newspaper writer as the central character has achieved some measure of success, variety patrons may expect an avalanche of such vehicles. Professional readers of vaudeville playlets are authority for the statement that there isn't a newspaperman or woman in the United States who hasn't written one or more sketches of plays reflecting some phase of the reporter's fascinating calling. That these will now be resurrected from the depths of the trunk, carefully dusted off and possibly polished up a bit and sent again on the rounds is a foregone conclusion for just as surely as civilization follows the flag so do playlets of similar themes follow each other in variety.

One shudders with apprehension to contemplate what the result of this combined attack of playwrights, sketch writers and newspaper tyros will be. To the casual observer it would appear that the pending invasion of the yellow journalist constitutes vaudeville's yellow peril.

Curiously enough the standard bearer of the assembling forces is neither a playwright nor a newspaperman. He is an actor and a mighty good one, too, so therefore may be expected to have an intelligent appreciation of dramatic values. Dion Titheradge is the name of the culprit whose most recent appearance on Broadway was with Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life." As these lines are typed the announcement is made in the public prints that he is returning to England to take up arms in defense of his country, a laudable step determined upon entirely through patriotic motives and not through desire to flee from the calamitous inundation of newspaper sketches which his rash act foreshadows for American vaudeville.

But as "the evil that men do lives after them" Mr. Titheradge's playlet will remain in this country working twice a day to accomplish its preordained but nevertheless nefarious purpose while its author is "somewhere in France." Elsa Ryan, legitimate's most important contribution of the month to the vaudeville stage, is the heroine-reporter of Mr. Titheradge's offering which is called "Peg for Short," and which, as its title suggests, introduces a variant of the beloved "Peg o' My Heart" character. As Miss Ryan is one of the many mistresses of the Irish brogue who have been industriously conveying the message of "Peg" to the highways and byways of the land—the number of "Pegs" now exceeding the number of original members of the "Florodora" sextette—it seems quite proper that she should play "Peg for Short."

Whatever may be the methods employed in real life to extract interviews or information from unwilling sources, the stage, ac-

cording to the formula faithfully followed by its most experienced writers, demands that the newspaper representative, whether male or female, must be a person of remarkable resources and astounding astuteness. It appears that the greatest asset a reporter may possess is ability to conceal his identity. Without the power to represent himself as somebody entirely foreign to his profession and then act the pseudo rôle with consummate skill that completely deceives the object or victim of his histrionic endeavors, the conviction follows that he couldn't successfully copy the list of arrivals off a hotel register.

SO in strict conformity with this notion, the girl reporter Peg, confronted with the problem of getting into the apartments of a misogynist that she may get an interview and thus appease the insatiate demands of a stony-hearted city editor as well as make good a bet that she would either do or die in the attempt, proves herself a young woman of great initiative and daring. She supposedly faints on his doorstep and when he stumbles over her what is the poor man to do but carry her indoors and revive her?

Having by this feminine subterfuge penetrated her way to the innermost corner of a domicile heretofore never defiled by a reporter's footsteps, she and the grouchy woman-hater exchange twenty minutes or so of persiflage and prevarications. At the end of that period they tell their

right names and agree to get married, the girl reporter thus at one stroke winning her wager and a husband. Presumably in this latter conquest she has also "scooped" her less wily feminine competitors on Park Row.

Two other newcomers to vaudeville are Alexandra Carlisle and Margaret Greene. The former appears in "Let Us 'Divorce,'" a rather smart adaptation by I. Thompson Buchanan from Sardou's "Divorçons." "Let Us Divorce" would give better satisfaction if Miss Carlisle were to improve the quality of her supporting company, assuming that she has the same organization appearing at the Colonial a few weeks ago. Players in English drawing rooms these days are expected to look and dress their parts.

Margaret Greene's vehicle is "The Sweetmeat Game," Ruth Comfort Mitchell's dramatic piece of Oriental flavor which Olive Wyndham did at the Palace in the early part of the current season and which was reviewed in this column at that time. Miss Greene's performance was thoroughly delightful and her associates discharged their obligations quite competently.

Another young woman whose musical attainments have added to the artistry of vaudeville programs is Daisy Jean, prefaced by the program as one of the ladies of the Court of Belgium whose announced mission on the stage is to raise funds for the relief of her stricken country. A soprano voice of superb register together with skill in playing the violin, piano, 'cello and harp convince one that Mlle. Jean is as versatile as she is charming.

Sponsored by Lord and Lady Aberdeen and projected into vaudeville via the grand ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton, Lady Agnese and Singing Colleens, a group of Irish lassies direct from the Emerald Isle, comprise still another delightful acquisition to Queen Variety's array of the fair. Songs, dances and instrumental selections, all redolent of the "old sod," are exclusively employed in the entertainment of the Irish Colleens, who are calculated to make every true son of Ireland pulsate with pride.

Gertrude Hoffmann has signalized her reentry into the varieties with another edition of the *revue* form of divertissement which has merited her so much recognition in the past. "Gertrude Hoffmann's Revue of 1917" is the title bestowed upon her contemporary offering, which consists of impersonations, dances, chorus ensembles and acrobatics, all presented with kaleidoscopic rapidity and splendor. Much of the material Miss Hoffmann utilized in earlier *revues* is retained and some new numbers are added, the whole combining to make a most gratifying entertainment quite worthy of one of the acknowledged "show-women" of the theatre.

The female contingent conspicuous in the month's developments having conducted themselves with due regard for the proprieties and with accompanying lustre, as hereinbefore related, an analysis of the achievements of their male contestants is now in order.

One of the most ambitious of these is "A Bandbox Revue," a "youthful" fantasy conceived, composed and staged by the endowed Gus Edwards as a vehicle for the exposition of the talents of his protégés,

(Concluded on page 316)



Ira L. Hill

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN

Who has re-entered vaudeville with another of her kaleidoscopic *revues*



From a portrait by Campbell Studio

S Y B I L C A R M E N

The Pittsburgh girl who made her first appearance in New York in the "Midnight Frolic." Her charm, vivacity and talent have given her a metropolitan reputation

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT IN THE THEATRE

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



JUST now, when the United States Golf and Tennis Associations are trying to define the word "amateur" and protect their sport from professionalism, it is interesting to note that the theatre is opening its arms to the amateur, or semi-amateur, actors and producers, that a great many people are saying our hope of artistic salvation lies this way. To be sure, Mr. Belasco has recently declared, in the *New York Herald*, that we must "protect our drama" from "amateur dramatic organizations"—but all Mr. Belasco probably means is that he is disturbed at the amount of critical praise bestowed on the Washington Square Players, when their productions, technically, fall so far short of perfection. There is only one way for him to divert this praise back to himself—namely, to produce with his careful perfection works as worthy or as freshly stimulating as those chosen by the Washington Square Players. Mr. Belasco has not put on a first-rate drama since "*The Phantom Rival*." The "amateurs" he scorns have put on at least a dozen. He plays safe, they experiment. Therefore he has ceased to lead, and the sun rises elsewhere.

Not only has he ceased to lead, but most of his professional brethren have ceased to lead, also. Classing as "professional" for the moment those managers who own our New York theatres, who for a decade or more have produced the great bulk of dramatic entertainment for America, we look among them in vain to-day for any artistic leadership. Everyone of them is "playing safe," everyone of them is producing either the work of tried dramatists or work cut to approved pattern, which bears the promise of "two hundred nights on Broadway." What has any of them done this winter, for example, to further the cause of native drama, to add any fresh note to our stage, to open the windows upon an imaginative world? Let us be frank—nothing. Belasco himself has given us "*Seven Chances*," "*Little Lady in Blue*," and Warfield again rusting into old age in "*The Music Master*." Theatre after theatre houses farces or melodramas or pretty, amiable, conventional, romantic comedies, cut to pattern, perfectly "safe," and adding nothing whatever to our knowledge of American life or our stock of American literature.



WHEREVER there is a note of distinction, it will be found that either an ambitious actor or a young manager just breaking into the game is behind it. Faversham produced Shaw's "*Getting Married*." Maude Adams probably staged Barrie's "*A Kiss for Cinderella*" (though she is taking no chances with Barrie). Henry Miller revived "*Her Husband's Wife*," to show us again Laura Crews' brilliant and bewitching impersonation of Irene. It was John Williams, valiant champion of "*Justice*," who took John Drew out of the show case and put him into the rôle of Major Pendennis. It was young Walter Wanger, fresh from Dartmouth College, who brought back Nazimova in a gloom-filled tragedy, "*'Ception Shoals*," and let her show us one of the few truly moving examples of the actor's art this winter. It was Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, actors, idealists, who revived "*The Yellow Jacket*." It was Stuart Walker, once connected with Mr. Belasco's own playhouse, who left it to dream out his portable Portmanteau Theatre, and this winter let us see such masterpieces of imaginative drama as Dunsany's "*Gods of the Mountain*," acted by a company his former employer would

no doubt characterize as amateur. It was an actress, Miss Gertrude Kingston, coming via the Neighborhood Playhouse on the far East Side, entirely a non-professional institution, who gave us Shaw's "*Great Catherine*," and Dunsany's new play, "*The Queen's Enemies*," being forced by popular demand to move up to Broadway, to a theatre which the professional managers had been unable successfully to keep going. And it was the Washington Square Players, most "amateur" of all the upstarts, who contributed a Japanese classic tragedy which brought into our Babylonian Alley the strange, austere note of true nobility, which flung down before our fat munition makers and their jeweled wives the pearl of heroic self-sacrifice.



NOW, of course, in no strict sense are Faversham and Henry Miller and Mr. Williams and even the Washington Square Players amateurs. The latter began as amateurs, but they ceased strictly to be such when they drew their first pay. They are amateurs, by the money rule, only in the sense that they began their experiment without the traditional training, and for the fun of the thing rather than any financial return. But the moment they did receive a financial return, and decided to stay in the game and conduct a standard playhouse, earning their livings thereby, they ceased to be amateurs by all rules of sport.

But, in a broader sense, the amateur is defined by his spirit. The doctor whose love of science keeps him at work in a research laboratory when he might make a million in private practice is an amateur in spirit. The actor who deliberately elects to have a fling at Hamlet when he is a profitable matinée idol in pretty piffle is an amateur in spirit. The Washington Square Players, electing to put on plays by the Russian realists and Japanese and even Yankee tragedies because they admire the artistry of such works, are amateurs in spirit. The amateur spirit, in other words, is the spirit which converts work into play, which keeps men and women in any sport or any artistic occupation not primarily for love of gain but for love of the sport or the art. It is the spirit which does not calculate, but acts on instinct, which does not compromise but follows an impulse to its conclusion, which thinks little of tradition and much of experiment. It is the spirit of youth and adventure. It is the spirit behind all new movements in the arts, and the spirit demanded alike for the production and the appreciation of a vital and expanding national drama. To it is opposed the whole dead, clinging weight of safe and sane "professionalism." Protect our theatre from the amateurs, indeed! If there were only some way to protect our amateurs from the theatre! That is the real danger.

Solely from their love of literature and their native land, certain Irishmen not long ago founded the Abbey Theatre, an "amateur" organization devoted to the joyous if turbulent task of producing real plays about Irish life. The result was the best one-act play in the English language, "*Riders to the Sea*," and a whole body of drama which is of precious quality. Much of this drama was not even copyrighted, so entirely amateur was the movement. Solely from her desire to see a theatre conducted with an eye first to the welfare of the drama and only secondarily to the welfare of the box-office (no doubt believing that if the first was properly con-

sidered the second would take care of itself) Miss Horniman founded her repertoire theatre in Manchester—and gave us the most vital British plays of the past decade, from "*The Tragedy of Nan*" to "*Hobson's Choice*." With the same spirit behind them, the Washington Square Players in New York have produced a considerable number of native one-act plays which show at least a groping after fresh expressions of our life, Stuart Walker and the Neighborhood Playhouse have opened the windows on the strange, haunting world of Dunsany, and various "amateur" groups elsewhere through the country have brought to theatre-goers both native and foreign works which at least serve to remind us that "*Turn to the Right*" is not the last word either in dramatic art or interpretative significance. They were amateurs, strictly, who at the University of North Dakota wrote and produced a pageant-play of the great Northwest, attended by thousands. But they were doing something of which Mr. Belasco does not appear to have the faintest conception—they were enlarging the scope and vitality of dramatic appeal in America, they were making the art life and the daily life, of Americans one and the same, not something widely separated.

Separated! That is the saddest thing to contemplate on Broadway to-day—the gulf between what goes on in our daily lives, and what takes place on the stage. Lump any twenty American plays of the past few years, ask a foreigner to witness them all, and then enquire honestly of yourself what possible conception he could have formed of our essential problems, our characters and aspirations. It is pitiful, profoundly pitiful. So long, apparently, as Mr. Belasco and his fellow "professionals" fill their theatres, however, they are not much moved by the spectacle. Not since "*The Easiest Way*" in 1909, has Mr. Belasco himself produced a genuine contribution to American drama, and not since "*The Phantom Rival*," in 1914, a first-rate play of foreign authorship. Yet here he is lifting up his voice against the struggling amateurs, who see what he cannot see, who are striving to do the work he will not do, who have no prestige, and little enough capital and technical training, but who have only the precious weapons of youth and courage and ideals. It is a sorry rôle that Mr. Belasco is playing now; and it is a futile one. For the amateurs will not be denied. They will not be denied because theirs is the spirit of freedom and growth, and art must be free, and must grow and change, or it perishes.



THE so-called "Little Theatres" which are springing up all over the country, not only in New York, but in Detroit, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Chicago, Philadelphia, and other places, are amateur theatres, with their faults and weaknesses, their failures, their fads. Their audiences, numerically, are but a drop in the bucket. Yet they are a sign, a portent, which cannot be ignored. They are a protest against the easy, safe professionalism which has divorced our drama from all serious contact with the problems of actual life, which has reopened the gap between the American stage and literature—a gap which Herne, Fitch, Moody, Eugene Walter, George Ade and others seemed a few years ago on the point of bridging; which has left the public without any control over its esthetic expression in the play. (Concluded on page 314)



Act I. Clare (Emily Stevens) finds life with her materialistic husband impossible



Act IV. Clare goes to the man she loves (Conway Tearle)



Act V. In the café



Act V. Clare, in despair, ends her unhappy life

EMILY STEVENS STARS IN A NEW GALSWORTHY PLAY

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

NO. 5 JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
By MONTROSE J. MOSES



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE rose into prominence at the time when the picturesque formal acting of the day held ascendancy in the work of Edmund Kean. He was born in New York City, June 9, 1791, and developed, at an early age, the talents which later characterized him. As a schoolboy, he edited a little paper entitled *The Thespian*, published in Wall Street and, despite the fact that his father disliked the idea of his being connected with the professional stage, his attention was early turned in that direction. The boy persisted in his inclination to be an actor; inspired, very likely, by the phenomenal success of Young Master Betty, the famed boy actor, who was then the talk of London.

So it was that, on February 24, 1809, Payne made his appearance in the rôle of young Norval at the New York Park Theatre, and the press heralded him a veritable American Roscius. He left America for London on January 17, 1813, to be gone many years.

He arrived at a time when the theatres were in a very upset condition; Drury Lane and Covent Garden were in precarious circumstances and were continually fighting with each other. This was the period of Edmund Kean, and the theatrical history which centered around Kean was one of wild living, as well as of definite riots on the part of the theatrical public.

IMMEDIATELY, Payne received an engagement, and supported the famous Miss O'Neil, at the same time meeting, in a social way, Roscoe, John Philip Kemble, the poet Campbell, Coleridge, Southey, and Charles Lamb.

It was here that he soon came to realize there was little hope of his advancing beyond a certain position. He found it necessary to turn his hand to literary labor which would bring him an additional income. The fashion of the times was for the "patent" houses to utilize whatever material seemed most favorable in the continental playhouses. A season's offerings by both Drury Lane and Covent Garden consisted largely of adaptations and translations from the French. This demand attracted Payne's attention and he translated a piece entitled "Maid and Magpie" for Drury Lane, in 1816. From now on, he was continually wide awake in regard to foreign material.

The managers always got the better of him. His friends were much cleverer in their attitude. One only has to read the correspondence which exists between Washington Irving and Payne, and between Charles Lamb and Payne, to see not only their own cordial aid, which was ever at Payne's disposal, but also their very keen advice regarding contracts and regarding Payne's own temper.

Payne, even though he was underpaid for what he did, succeeded in keeping very closely in touch with the French and English theatres, now writing for Drury Lane, then being bribed over to Covent Garden, and again returning to Drury Lane. He also was sorely tempted into the managerial field himself—a venture which led him to the debtor's prison. But he was of great service to the theatrical managers of the day. Drury Lane courted his favor. Harris, of Covent Garden, tried to outdo his rivals by a more tempting

contract. Stephen Price, of New York, looking for foreign material, through the recommendation of Washington Irving, employed Payne as an agent, and there was an additional source of income in this direction. But even here Payne's feelings forced him into suspecting that he was being unjustly treated.

"Brutus" is probably John Howard Payne's most widely remembered piece. It was during one of the precarious moments in the history of Drury Lane, that he went to the management and suggested that, inasmuch as Edmund Kean desired to regain the favor of the English public—a favor which had, in a way, been waning—he would write for the great actor a piece suitable for his talents—talents which unfortunately were being slightly overshadowed by the tremen-

The play was produced on Tuesday evening, December 3, 1818, and ran for twenty-three consecutive nights. Due to holiday arrangements, it had to be put aside until January 13, 1819, when it ran for fifty-three consecutive nights. According to the criticisms of the day, there is no doubt that it was the wonder of Kean's acting which brought the play to such tremendous success, and drew for it such extended literary notices. It would seem that every one profited from its success but Payne. After the opening night fifty pounds were added to Kean's salary, and during the run the treasury was enriched to the extent of ten thousand pounds. However, out of all of the success, the dramatist received only one hundred and eighty-three pounds and six shillings!

On the first flush of the reading of "Brutus," Kean had thought that Payne was just the man to write a play for him on the subject of "Virginius," and the perverse actor commissioned him to do so. But while he was playing in "Brutus," his feeling for Payne began to abate somewhat, and when the manuscript of "Virginius" was brought to him, he tossed it aside nonchalantly, and would have nothing to do with it. A part of it was published in the *London Magazine*; that is all we know of a subject which later was treated by James Sheridan Knowles. This indifference of Kean's was given public expression when he presented a gold-topped snuff-box to the stage-manager, Kemble, engraved with a scene from "Brutus," but ignored showing any appreciation for what the dramatist himself had done.



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
The American playwright who wrote
"Home Sweet Home"

dous success of Talma in the same tragic field. According to Payne's introduction to the published drama:

"Seven plays upon the subject of Brutus are before the public. Only two have been thought capable of representation, and those two did not long retain possession of the stage. In the present play, I have had no hesitation in adopting the conceptions and language of my predecessors wherever they seemed likely to suit the plan which I had prescribed."

One may question how far Payne drew upon his sources without credit; how just was the accusation of plagiarism which certainly followed the presentation of the piece, and brought interesting comment in the defence of Payne from both Irving and the poet, Tom Moore. There was even some talk of suppressing the play because certain democratic expressions therein were thought inimical to the spirit of the government under the Georges. However that may be, we know that great preparations were made for the first performance of "Brutus" and, according to Molloy, the biographer of Edmund Kean, Payne himself was allowed a day's grace from Fleet Street Prison, where he was imprisoned for debt, in order to "communicate his ideas regarding the characters to the performers and especially to Kean."

TO those who have read Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar," "Brutus; or, the Fall of Tarquin," will not come as any very great original work; yet even the reading of it shows the tremendous opportunity the almost bombastic poetry affords an actor. It is small wonder that it should have appealed strongly to Edwin Forrest, whose style was of that florid kind.

It also graced the repertoires of Macready and Edwin Booth. From printed accounts we should imagine that, whereas Forrest succeeded in bringing forth the intellectual superiority of the character, Kean brought out the spiritual growth of the part, which one very readily can feel in the reading. When the piece was first given in America, the part of Brutus was played by Mr. Pritchard. But Forrest first appeared in the rôle on November 29, 1832, on the evening when the performance was given in honor of Payne's return to America. Almost all of Payne's dramatic career is confined to the stage history of London. His immortal "Home, Sweet Home," written for music by Sir Henry Bishop, and based on a Sicilian song which Payne had heard a peasant girl sing, appeared in an opera, "Clari," which brought Payne into some prominence.

Payne's friendship with Washington Irving, which resulted in their writing "Charles the Second," and several other compositions, brings the author of "Bracebridge Hall" into American dramatic history, even though Irving never allowed his name to appear as co-author and never wanted it to be known how much he did.

All during his "exile," Payne was himself homesick, and it is (Concluded on page 316)



Photo Mary Dale Clarke

LYNN FONTANNE

Who played on our heartstrings in "The Harp of Life." She is now supporting Laurette Taylor in "Out There"



© Ira L. Hill

ANNA CASE

The American soprano who has scored marked success in both the concert and operatic field



© Ira L. Hill

MARGOT KELLY

The piquant little Phrynette who is now scoring on the road as the flirtatious laundress in "Pierrot the Prodigal"



Mishkin

MARGUERITE LESLIE

Who gave a striking impersonation of Zeila Vorona, the woman of dubious character, in "The Harp of Life"

THE AMERICAN SHOW BOAT

By CARL HOLLIDAY



ON a sultry day far up the Monongahela, the Kanawha, or the Missouri River the small boy, languidly fanning himself with his tattered straw hat, is suddenly thrilled into mad energy by the wild, weird shrieks of a calliope echoing far up and down the startled valley. "The showboat! The showboat!" and away he skurries to the river bank. I do not know whether these "floating palaces" are known to all American boys; but to the youngsters of the Middle and Southern States they are harbingers of joy—visions of splendor to dream of and wonder over many months after they have come and gone.

There are about 95,000 persons in America engaged in the work of entertaining the public—acrobats, minstrels, singers, vaudeville actors, dancers, magicians, what not. But of them all doubtless the most mysterious to the general public, the most happy-go-lucky are these water-gypsies, the showboat players. Often floating or steaming six thousand miles in the course of a season, plying from the green hills of the Kanawha in West Virginia to the brown plains of the Missouri in far Montana, these crafts and their motley crew of players see more of real America and real American life than probably any other institution or class of people. There is a genuine glamor of romance about such a life—to those who do not live it. When the "Sunny South," the "Golden Rod," the "Cotton Blossom," the "Dreamland," or the "Evening Star" comes to town every boy is immediately seized with the *wanderlust* and would fain become an expert on the calliope.

It would be difficult to say how these floating theatres originated. They are almost entirely an American form of entertainment, formerly seen now and then on French and German rivers, but now almost confined to the Mississippi and its many tributaries. Probably such floating troupes developed from the itinerant actors who played in the cabins of canal boats and "flat bottoms" on Eastern rivers soon after the Revolution. Just such a player, N. M. Ludlow, who had shaken the beams of those early stuffy cabins, was the first to appear with a showboat on the Mississippi. In 1817 he and a little band of actors travelled overland to the Cumberland River, playing at the many wayside inns as they went, and in the fall of that year transformed a huge flatboat into a commodious theatre, floated down the Cumberland into the Ohio, and thus passed into the Mississippi.

It was a dangerous occupation in those rough days. Often all hands, actors, actresses, and crew, had to turn out to "pole" the theatre around some dangerous sand bar, and when such notorious spots as Rowdy Bend and Plum Point were reached, every man and woman of them was armed with a flintlock to repel the possible attacks of river pirates. One night the ropes of Ludlow's boat were cut by practical jokers, and the troupe awoke to find themselves floating amidst the snags and treacherous currents of the uncharted Mississippi. Then, too, a rival soon appeared in the person of the once famous actor, Sol Smith, but, fortunately for Ludlow, Smith's

floating palace was cut in two in 1847 in a collision with another boat, and Ludlow's company could boast of itself as the "only original."

In those early days a showboat was used for many purposes not exclusively theatrical, such as prize fights and horse-back specialties; but during the past forty years the average river theatre has presented only plays and the features usually seen in vaudeville. As early as 1847 an English actor, William Chapman, with his numerous sons and daughters, went by water from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, playing "The Stranger and Cinderella," and from that time to this many an inland boy has gained his first vision of drama through seeing on a boat-stage such light comedies as "The Girl in Brown," "Under Southern Skies," and "The Minister and the Maid." Heavier drama is sometimes undertaken, however, and not infrequently "Faust" has thrilled the awe-struck audience of river towns.

THE equipment of some of these showboats is nothing short of astonishing. From \$40,000 to \$50,000 is not an unusual price for the finer ones—a cost far exceeding that of many good city theatres. Often designed after the plans of famous playhouses, such as the Blackstone of Chicago, these water auditoriums are scientifically built and lavishly furnished. For instance, the "Golden Rod," a source of wonder to many a river boy, possesses an auditorium one hundred and sixty-two feet long and forty-six feet wide, with nineteen upholstered boxes and a seating capacity of fourteen hundred. Many a city of fifty thousand people cannot boast of such a stage—forty-six feet wide, twenty-four feet deep, with six elaborate drop curtains and nu-

ican Floating Theatre" finds necessary two steam engines, one gasoline engine, a thousand-pound ice-plant, a steam laundry, an electric vacuum cleaning outfit, two large dynamos, electric fans, a well equipped printing plant, a telephone system, a complete hot and cold water system, a thousand electric lights, a huge American flag composed of seven hundred and fifty colored incandescent globes, and, of course, the joy of every American boy, a huge calliope.

Music is indeed an essential factor in show-boat life, and many floating theatres have not only a calliope but expensive chimes which on a quiet summer night echo from hill to hill of the long river valleys with a melody wholly entrancing. Often a pilot house is built upon the plan of the sectional bookcase, and may contract or expand with surprising rapidity to accommodate the band. And when the steam-organ, the bells, and the band unite to rouse the night, mothers should have a care for their little ones!

One may well fancy that no mere handful of people can attend to the many duties of such a theatre. The manager of a showboat must indeed be not only a thorough business man, but a student of humanity; for besides the regular boat crew there may be on board from forty to eighty theatrical specialists, all possessing that excitable trait known as the artistic temperament. For some of these the rooms, with private baths and cozy furniture, are as well equipped as in fashionable hotels; while the food for all, often bought day by day from river farmers, is far more wholesome than that obtained in many a metropolitan restaurant. Such a venture, then, as running floating palaces takes money and plenty of it, and the larger firms have large amounts invested in what may be truly called "watered stock."

It was not always thus, however. In the days before the Civil War and immediately afterwards any "flat bottom" would do for a showboat, and actors, who also served as captain, pilot, engineer, and cook, frequently gave performances that were anything but conventional. For many years, in fact, the showboat business was the last resort of human river-rats. Broken-down gamblers with a knowledge of flashy card tricks, deck hands who had learned ventriloquism, drunken acrobats, medicine fakers whose long black hair and swarthy complexion enabled them to pose as "noble red men"—such fellows, brought together by ill-luck, could

always make a living by giving river shows. Sometimes patent-medicine companies came to their aid and paid for a lecturer or a singer. In fact, one showboat presented for some years a play in which the heroine seeking health was rescued from a villain by a hero who soon brought her new life by means of a patent medicine.

Old actors will seldom confess that they ever played on a floating palace; but secretly many of them remember such a life with pleasure. The slow gliding past green fields and forests, the night breeze softly ruffling the water on every side—all these things possess a romance and a mysterious thrill not found in the stuffy, formal theatres of the city.



WILLIAM CHAPMAN'S SHOWBOAT (1847)
(From sketch by Dr. Judd)

merous "set" pieces and many changes of scenery.

Sometimes the handbills of these crafts proudly—and truthfully—announce a "family circle" with cushioned settees for five hundred and a "dress circle" with a thousand arm chairs, while steam heat in winter and cold-air blowers in summer make the audience forget the weather on shore. In the days immediately after the Civil War hundreds of gas jets and innumerable mirrors made the white walls of the boat glisten; but now a thousand electric lights glow within and without and send their many colors shimmering far over the rippling waters. An inspection of one of the larger boats casts out all doubt as to the cost of building. For example, the "Amer-

MISSES' APPAREL

Specially Priced

5—Misses' Smart Sport Coat—made of Wool Velour in Rose, Gold, Tan, Apple Green or Copenhagen Blue; yoke and sleeves lined with Peau de Cygne.

22.50

6—Misses' Coat—stunning model; made of Wool Velour in Gold, Copenhagen Blue, Tan, Apple Green or Rose; lined throughout with Peau de Cygne.

27.50

1 2

3 4

1—Misses' Chic Afternoon Dress of Taffeta and Figured Georgette Crepe combined to match; in Navy Blue, Black, Belgium Blue, Gray or Beige.

26.50

2—Misses' Handsome Georgette Crepe Dress in White, Light Blue, Peach, Gray, Nile Green, Orchid or Maize; stitched Bengaline Girdle in contrasting Colors.

29.50

3—Misses' Suit—smart model of Men's wear Oxford suiting, Navy Blue or Black Serge; striped Khaki Kool collars; lined throughout with Peau de Cygne.

29.50

4—Misses' Suit—stylish model of Navy Blue or Black Men's wear Serge; trimmed with Black silk braid; Faille Silk top collar; lined with Peau de Cygne.

35.00

5 6

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FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE-SALONS-MODES



FOR once Dame Fashion, unable to make up her mind as to the proper silhouette among the many offerings by famous designers of gowns, shuts her eyes in despair and declares that no contour is smarter than any other, just now.

If your taste and your own individual lines suggest the peg-top as the correct skirt, by all means wear peg-tops. If you fancy yourself in the tonneau cut, by all means wear a barrel skirt. If you like the narrow, "slanky" effect of the moyen age or the flaring circular skirt favored by our grandmamas, if you elect that the shortest of short frocks or the longer demurer one suits you, select what you like and Fashion will not withhold her smile.

* * *

Everybody is flocking to the first Spring events at the various country clubs just now, and there are so many bewilderingly smart sport and tailleur costumes to be seen, that the Promenades des toilettes, at the sfnartest shops are quite eclipsed so far as out-of-door costumes are concerned. And, by the way, the real fashion show is never the parade of models at one's favorite importer of gowns, so much as at the fashionable weddings, receptions, teas and sports events where fashionable women of New York (the lucky members of the smartest set for whom fashions are invented) wear the exquisite creations adapted by our own wonderful dressmakers from the latest ideas of the Paris designers. At the bravest and most brilliant of Easter weddings the fashions of month after next have been brilliantly on view. St. Thomas' Church is a strong favorite among brides and guests for the exhibition of their newest finery, and the woman who casts a knowing eye about the church while Dr. Stores is tying the conjugal knot can scarcely escape having her soul refreshed and her vision enlarged by the artistic creations on view.

* * *

At an ultra fashionable wedding recently Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, who has not been noted for a special smartness of recent years, proved that ardor for the Suffrage cause is not specially incompatible with a fine taste in furbelows by wearing the smartest of new French frocks. A soft Yosan of pale biscuit color was chosen by Mrs. Belmont for her charming costume, and a moyen age effect was given by long straight lines in the one-piece frock which showed sleeves reaching to the second joint of the wearer's fingers. A sort of corselet-cuirass of very beautiful

heavy lace suggested the favored coat effect that is much liked just now, and the skirt, which was cut to meet the ground by more than two inches, was draped up at the hips over the lace coat so that it cleared the floor in an irregular and exceedingly novel fashion, by some four or five inches. No other note of color was introduced the whole effect being the warm, soft biscuit tone so high in favor this Spring.

At the same smart function Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey (formerly Miss Harriman) wore a stunning frock of softest willow green faille, with the short skirt closely braided in silk soutache of pale gold. A depth of seven inches was closely covered with the braid in an intricate design, and above this garniture fell a slashed tunic of the green that with each step of the wearer showed a lining of gold edged with narrow lines of the braid. An oddly designed coatee, smothered in the soutache braiding opened over a waistcoat of white satin that closed with beautiful gold buttons set with irregularly shaped bits of green jade. A smart little hat of gold satin braid was bordered with an edging of small green wings that formed an irregular and exceedingly becoming contour.

* * *

No girl of her position in New York society professes a more lofty disregard for pretty clothes than Miss Mabel Gerry, the very wealthy young woman whose fortune is derived from the Goelet and Gerry millions. But the eternal Eve which asserts itself in each of us, occasionally rises to contradict Miss Gerry's scorn of frills and fashions.

The closing night of the opera found her radiantly gowned in a sweetly dainty frock of blue moiré net (the moiré nets, by the way, speak the last word in lovely delicacy of fabric) with springs of silver heather catching the triple-tiered skirt into fetching peg-top draperies. A bodice of broad silver ribbon shot with pink showed fine quillings of net set flatly about the decolletage and the same garniture bordered the small cap sleeve of silver. In the description this little frock doesn't sound very exciting, but its charm caught the eye and drew admiring attention even from that hoary old Paris of the Metropolitan Opera House Chauncey M. Depew who pronounced it as "pretty as paint."

* * *

"Giddings, my dear," whispered the fashionable woman who wore the most admired of all the pretty gowns shown at an early April luncheon given in honor of Miss Col-

lier of Tuxedo whose marriage will be one of this month's events. Jenny created this frock which was of taffeta in powder blue the jupe tonneau showing a solid mass of mingled braiding and embroidery in a design of conventionalized passion flowers in shades of blue.

The tonneau effect was contrived by deep looped-up pockets which showed shallow openings solidly lined with the same embroidery. The coat was of taffeta drawn into an oddly arranged drapery over a sheath bodice of the embroidery. The plain fabric formed a sort of glorified bolero with oddly picturesque little "tuck ups" ending in large flat rosettes placed just at the shoulder blades. Three little green birds seemed to be taking a promenade across the crown of the small tricorn chapeau of powder blue satin straw. And the whisper about the hat was "Francois, my dear," of course.

* * *

In hats by the way, the sceptre of fashion sways widely to permit as great a range as in the silhouette of one's skirt.

Large hats and small ones, broad brims and close ones, sailors and tricornes, lace straws and flat braids—one cannot go wrong provided the choice falls upon a becoming shape. But woe to that fair one who permits herself to wear a hat that fails to suit her individual style. Into outer darkness is that woman cast by Fashion's edict, and her wails and lamentations are of no avail. The unbecoming head gear is the only style that is absolutely taboo.

* * *

Miss Maxime Elliott was hostess very recently at a dinner party at the Ritz-Carlton, and her table in the big dining room was the cynosure of all eyes because of the beauty and smartness of the hostess and her feminine guests.

Miss Elliott who rather inclines to gold fabrics, wore a dinner frock of superb cut—a sort of loose-fronted princess of black moiré brocaded in big gold plumes. A gold ostrich feather worn in her hair repeated the note struck in the design of her gown, which was absolutely without ornamentation—a delightful break in the usual overtrimmed style at present high in favor.

Mrs. Thomas Chadbourne, wife of the eminent lawyer, who was one of Miss Elliott's guests, wore a very desirable frock of cream-colored lace over peach satin with pale nauve roses in half wreaths used to confine the draperies into which the handsome lace was looped in ton-

neau effect for the skirt. The bodice of peach and silver gauze showed a high girdle of the same flat roses and similar half wreaths formed shoulder straps brought low in the back and crossing at the shoulder to the waist line.

* * *

So much for the models most favored indoors by fashionable women. For out of door wear there is no end to the various sport and tailor models which find favor with smart girls and matrons. Here again, if I may be permitted to name the Giddings shop, the models developed in various Yosan silks in the ateliers of that establishment, are chic and—to borrow a phrase from the delightful young matron who signs herself Madelaine Force Astor Dick—"surpassingly nifty."

Two most popular examples of these Yosan suits were much admired at the practise polo games at Meadowbrook the other day, and as one absolutely new effect appears in each, I have secured photographs of the original models. In selecting similar designs for her out of door wear no woman may go wrong. The first of these was in biscuit Yosan striped in powder blue, and the novel effect was achieved in the decoration of the biscuit sport coat which was adorned with rows and deep diamonds of stitching done in the powder blue. A draped collar and cuffs of the striped fabric while the narrow belt half encircling the loose coat and tying in front was of biscuit color stitched solidly in blue.

* * *

A second type of frock in this fetching and popular material showed a separate skirt of striped rose and white Yosan, to be worn with a sport coat. White Yosan of very lustrous and supple quality was selected for the blouse which showed the new shoulder collar that falls over the sleeves in a deep sailor effect. A parasol of the striped Yosan with a lovely cherry-wood handle polished like glass that had a dull gold monogram plate set in at the end, completed this most effective sport suit.

The tall daughter of Clarence Mackay, who accompanies her father to most of the out-of-door events popular with the Long Island set, is wearing one of these Yosan costumes as is Miss Joan Whitney. Which establishes their vogue among the youngest of our girls.

* * *

A fascinating combination of the harem and the highly favored peg-top awaited Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., on her return from California,

(Concluded on page 300)



Photo Mary Dale Clarke
MISS KITTY GORDON



Photo Ira L. Hill
MISS LEONORE HARRIS



Photo Underwood & Underwood
MISS MARY NASH



Photo Underwood & Underwood

(Above) Kitty Gordon's military cape made by Maison Maurice is calculated to cheer our khaki clad heroes on their way to war!

(Center) Leonore Harris is first on the field in the new "bournous" frock

(Above) This charming model of Yosan Silk made by Maison Maurice is one of the favorite costumes of that popular young player, Mary Nash, who is now appearing in "The Man Who Came Back"

(Below) This Gidding model in Yosan has been widely adopted by smart women in the Long Island set

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 208)



Photo Ira L. Hul

MRS. VERNON CASTLE,

America's best dressed woman has selected Faibisy, the well known New York Couturière, to solve her clothes problems for Spring and Summer

♦ Faibisy ♦
IMPORTER
GOWNS
665 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

where she has been sojourning since leaving Palm Beach. Black Yosan with half-inch stripes of white is the material chosen, and the harem effect is achieved by gathering the hem onto an under petticoat much narrower than the outer skirt. The peg-top shows a vivid emerald green facing employed in the looped pockets, and the same bright green is employed for revers to the short blouse-coat. Many fashionable women are affecting the wrinkled white satin waistcoat, and this charming frock shows such a gilet fastening down the front with close-set buttons of black and emerald jet. A shining black straw toque with a border of upstanding green quills from two to five inches in height is selected to wear with this very saucy and effective little dress.

* * *

Gloves seem regaining favor after a banishment of more than a year, and a feature of the present fashion in ganterie, is that they are worn very very loose. Unless you can find room for quite a lot of bric-a-brac inside the palm you must distrust your glove maker.

* * *

I was amused to see a pretty girl at Piping Rock perform conjuror's tricks during a conversation with Maurice Roche the other day and draw from her glove, to the amazement of her cavalier, a handkerchief, a wee vanity case, and one of the new portes cigarettes holding two smokes and accompanying match lights. After she had shown that her glove was quite empty, Mr. Roche (who has a pretty Irish wit, you know) breathed a sigh of relief. "I was afraid you were going to produce a couple of eggs and ask for the loan of my hat," he said, to the immense amusement of his pretty companion.

* * *

Stage fashions are at a lamentably low tide this month. Miss Mary Boland has a chance for two lovely frocks at the Lyceum in "The Case of Lady Camber."

* * *

Emily Stevens, who ought to be stunningly smart in "The Fugitive," but unfortunately she wears things so carelessly that the effect is slovenly rather than chic.

Off the stage, however, some actresses are showing the last thought of fashion in modish frocks and wraps which are much admired whenever seen.

* * *

Miss Leonore Harris, who may always be counted upon for the dernier chic, is wearing one of the new "bournous frocks" and her com-

placent expression, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is no doubt due to the fact that she is perfectly well aware that she has fore stalled all the Astors and Vanderbilts and Goulds on the avenue in first displaying the coveted bournous.

So clearly does the photograph show why this frock is no named, that a description of the costume is scarcely necessary. Developed in broadcloth biscuit of a particularly soft and silky texture, the tonneau effect is achieved by bournous plaits laid in the side seams of the skirt.

A similar capuchin hood-collar at the back carries out the effect of the bournous effect with discreet distinction.

* * *

Miss Kitty Gordon is wearing for chill mornings one of the new military capes with jacket front which are dear to the heart of stage women since Mrs. David Belasco, noted for her superb and correct frocks, first introduced the style on Fifth Avenue.



Photo Underwood & Underwood

It isn't bad luck to stand on one foot and open a parasol if you wear this Yosan frock in rose and white

Miss Gordon has chosen sand-colored cloth for her cape, with lining and accessories (loose belt and deep collar) of saxe blue.

* * *

Miss Irene Fenwick is wearing some very lovely street dresses, just now, all of the most youthful type and of the loose soft contours becoming to her girlish figure. A Knox tailored costume of pale biscuit braided in white is particularly fetching as worn by the leading woman of Mr. Lew Fields company.



"Onyx" Silk Hosiery

Answers the Call of Spring with its spirited new designs.

**Bright! Colorful!
Attractive!**

All dealers have these smart, novel oriental effects here illustrated, and all other favorite Spring designs.

If you need our help in finding your exact requirements, write to us at once.

Emery-Beers Company, Inc.

Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors of "ONYX" Hosiery
Broadway at 24th Street, New York

N. E. 23. Ground of White, Silver, Gold, Pink or Navy. Each embroidered in pleasing and complimentary colors in Oriental pattern. Very attractive. Price, \$6.50

N. E. 22. Grounds and Colorings same as above, patterns as indicated. One of Spring's favorite numbers. Price, \$5.95

N. E. 21. Same color Grounds as 23. Attractive vari-colored designs. Price, \$4.75

N. E. 20. Ground of Silver, Gold and White with self embroidery. Extremely popular. Price, \$14.50

N. E. 15. White with Black embroidery and Black with White embroidery. Price, \$4.25

N.E.23

NE.20

NE.22

N.E.15

N.E. 21

KEEPING UP WITH SPORTS CLOTHES

For Milady's Hope Chest IVORY PY-RA-LIN



EXQUISITE in its mellow tones with the delicate graining of old-elephant ivory—what could be more appropriate—more dainty—for the bride-to-be than a boudoir set of Ivory Py-ra-lin?

Our distinctive Du Barry design epitomizes supremacy of style and craftsmanship in this charming all-American product.

The better class stores show a representative assortment. Our Ivory Py-ra-lin brochure, sent on request, depicts some of the most desirable pieces.

THE ARLINGTON COMPANY
725 Broadway
New York



IT'S a wise dress these days that knows when it's a sports costume. It really takes an expert, one initiated afresh every week, to keep pace with the progress along this line, to tell where sports clothes end and other clothes begin. Just ordinary mortals can't be expected to call off the classification correctly on sight. One's eye is caught, for instance, in Bonwit Teller's, by a model on a form of blue silk jersey combined with gold silk jersey, made up in one of those intricately simple ways that Paris knows all about. You go up to admire, murmuring something about what-a-charming-afternoon-frock, and are informed that the model is the last word in sports clothes. But how were you to know unless you chanced to guess because you were on the threshold of the sports department.

Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to find fault with the new ideas, or to say that the sports clothes when explained aren't perfectly splendid and suitable. As soon as you are informed you see immediately the reason back of a design, its own particular practicality. It's just that the progress in this line goes on with such marvellous, almost "bandersnatchian" rapidity from month to month that it leaves one a bit confused and breathless. Our minds fixed in certain associations for years aren't yet accimated to thinking easily and instinctively in the new terms of velvet and silk.

We mentioned two months ago the velvet jackets that were being taken to Palm Beach to wear with sports skirts. Bonwit Teller had and still have many of these combination suits, of which the black velvet jacket with the white flannel skirt is perhaps both the most striking and the most universally becoming. An even newer combination that I saw there the other day was a jacket of "nigger brown" satin—lined throughout with white satin—belted with a wide belt and buckled with a brown paste buckle, to be worn over a pale sand-colored wool jersey skirt. For those who want something new and original without using silk and velvet

there are adorable models of jersey cloth trimmed in silk braid, one of which we show here: another model with white flannel skirt and wool velour coat embossed in black and white squares. Everything must be light and airy, even if you're working in wool velours and jerseys—the minimum of weight and warmth. To attain this a sand-colored wool jersey suit has a jacket the body of which has been cut away and silk jersey of the same shade substituted, making as it were, a silk jersey jacket in a wool jersey frame.

Rain capes are one of the newer ideas in sports clothes. Designed originally with the intention of their being for country and seashore wear, they have already proved so practical and smart that we shall see more and more of them in town, Knox says.

You may have them in plain gutta-percha (Isadora Duncan was carrying one such on a recent misty Sunday at Long Beach) in rubberized silk, in "crayonnetted" cloth. But the very latest are in velvet—yes indeed—velvet treated so as to be rainproof and lined with rubber. The sports department of Knox had two lovely shades of dove grey and turquoise blue respectively, the latter handsome enough for evening wear besides.

Bonwit Teller are showing (so do we) a copy of a Chanel model in silk and rubber whose cape collar folds around the back and ties in smart and sassy

Rain-capes are one of the delightful new features in sports clothes, and Bonwit Teller offer the copy of a Chanel model of lightweight silk and rubber in various shades tying with smart water-proof satin streamers. The hat in the sketch is of grey rubber with a blue and yellow satin motif

streamers in front. I think it will be delightfully cheering to see the streets dressed up with these bright colors on a grey day, especially if the capes are matched up with correspondingly colored rain-and-sun umbrellas. There are rain coats a-plenty, of course, as enchanting gotten up as the capes, if you happen to prefer their more restricted lines.

Sweaters come sleeveless now, an excellent thing for further freedom of action. And the Summer sports suit from Knox's shown here introduces the same idea. A sleeveless long vest falls over a plaited skirt of khaki-kool. The skirts may be in orange, in grey, in purple, in white

(Concluded on page 306)

**TRAUB
DECORATED WEDDING
RINGS**

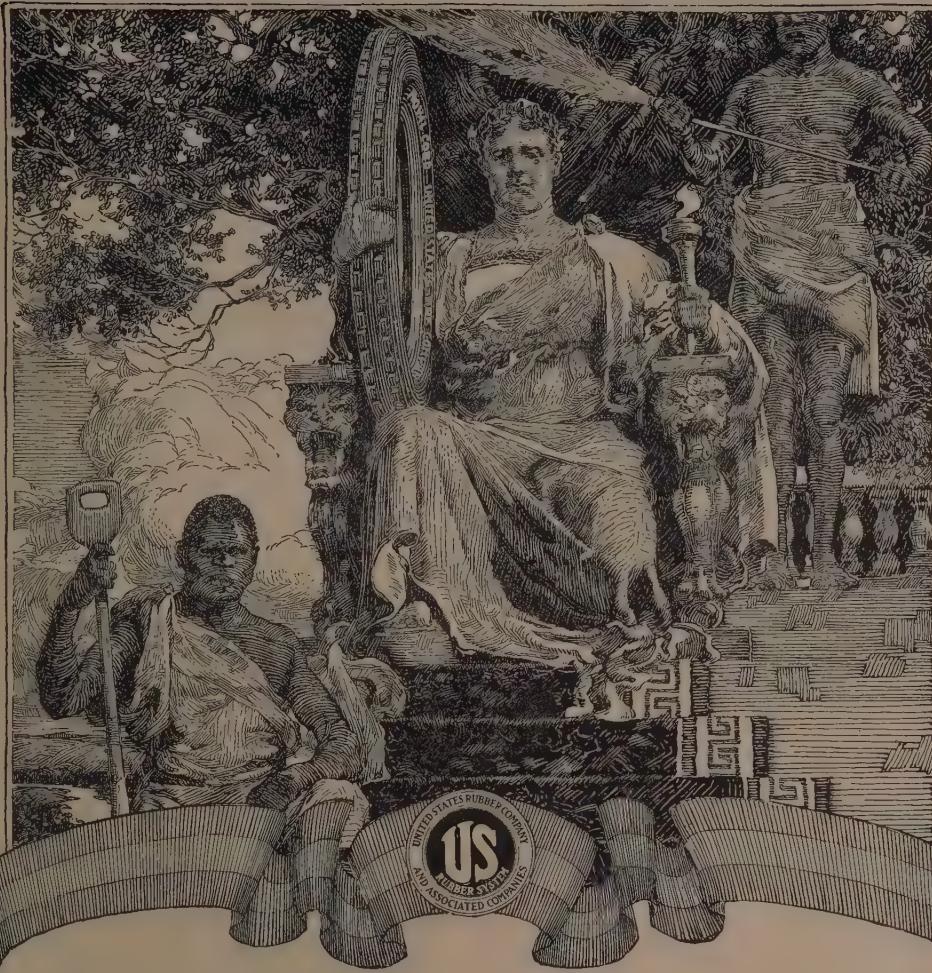
VOGUE

THE vogue of the decorated wedding ring is with us. Traub rings have firmly re-established the prestige of the original-decorated wedding ring, for in seeking greater beauty no jot of chasteness has been lost. In the new rings is recognized a successful completion of the search for really symbolic wedding rings. They are all bands of purest metal, with the delightful addition of a message, hand chased. Their delicate tracery is expressive of the century-old sentiment of marriage. To wear one of these rings marks one as appreciative of the *dernier cri* in wedding etiquette.

Traub rings are only sold through established jewelers. A beautiful brochure entitled "Wedding Ring Sentiment" will be sent you upon request.

THE
TRAUB MANUFACTURING
COMPANY
864-878 Woodward Avenue
DETROIT, U.S.A.





The Autocrat of Tires

He reigns with an iron hand—the supreme authority from which there is no appeal.

The people of our plantations, our factories, are slaves to his name.

Who is this autocrat?

He is an idea—his name is QUALITY.

And because we are slaves to this autocratic authority of quality—super-quality—we have made **United States Tires** the embodiment of that idea.

Quality rules us—absolutely.

And the embodiment of super-quality in cord tires is the **United States 'Royal Cord' Tire**.

The five types

- 'Nobby'
- 'Chain'
- 'Royal Cord'
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- 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

Discriminating motorists are demanding the '**Royal Cord**' Tires on the cars they buy.

They know—either from their own experience or from their friends—that '**Royal Cord**' quality pays them better by giving them better service.

You needn't hesitate about any one of the five **United States Tires** which are adapted to your needs of price or use.

Each one of the five is offered you only on the basis of super-quality.

Super-Quality pays—from first to last.

A Tire for
Every Need
of Price
and Use

"FAIBISY"

AN ARTIST "DI PRIMO CARTELLO" WHOSE CREATIONS IN THE WORLD OF FASHION COMPARES WITH THE BEST DESIGNS OF THE FRENCH, BECOMES A REGULAR MONTHLY CONTRIBUTOR. HIS ARTICLES AND ILLUSTRATIONS WILL BE OF UNUSUAL INTEREST TO OUR READERS

THE world at war is a stupendous reality; we are thrilled by the throbbing of an almighty struggle and now that America has joined hands with the Allies, every heart answers the call of patriotism; and by comparison with this overwhelming emotion, fashions, frills, furbelows and fru frus seem altogether frivolous.

This, however, is not the case, because war, though a necessary evil, should interfere as little as possible with the peaceful arts.

Style, as it exists to-day, is a developer and an expression of personality, and it is therefore of far too great importance to women of society and of the stage and even to the woman going to business to be regarded as a frivolity.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE introduces to its readers one who takes quite seriously his vocation



ONE OF THE SALONS AT FAIBISY'S

as creator of gowns for the American woman.

Faibisy will, in future, contribute each month his ideas on the newer developments of fashion and interpretations of them in original designs, reproduced from photographs.

Individuality is the keynote of the Faibisy models. To quote him: "When we went into business," he asserted, "our aim was to interpret the individuality of every customer, to strengthen it and add to its charm, and we made it an absolute rule that no gown should leave the establishment until it had achieved this purpose."

"The coloring, the size, type of figure, temperament, even the type of soul must be studied by the designer who would successfully express the sympathy necessary between costume and personality.

"This was our road to success and here we have found the greatest enjoyment in a métier which brings to us the personalities of the theatre, in designing for whom, not only the individual must be considered but the psychology of the actress as well."

Light, warmth of color and spaciousness is expressed in the Faibisy salon, the walls and woodwork form an ivory background, carpet and hangings in the rich shade of the American Beauty rose.

A mirrored pillar reflects the gay modes at the centre of the salon, a thought of France is in the Louis XVI furnishings and in the tiny pouées draped in the fashion silhouette of the day.

Here are two Faibisy frocks, direct contrasts in genre, one, charming for the yachting or sports costume of refined type is of cream white chamoisette in the favored straight lines. Black velvet, introduced sparingly in pipings, edges the sides of the front panel of the plaited skirt, and emphasizes the front of the blouse which extends below the waist and the vertical slit pockets. The collar, erect at the back, is bordered with wider



Photo Ira L. Hill

velvet and black velvet balls fasten the frock up the back and button the sleeves to the elbow.

In more extravagant vein is the frock for dress occasions of metal brocaded faille, sea green, with a flickering tint of orchid, a note of copper introduced in the silver lace motif of the fabric. The bodice is draped and fitted with low point at the front, a girdle effect, over cloth of silver at the back. Silver and pearl embroidered net goes over the shoulders and upper arms, forming the underskirt and the narrowest of aprons. This falls over the three-quarter length tunic, cut in a wide square, which gives a drapery effect over the hips. Clusters of mauve and pink sweet

peas hold the draperies and the brocade of the skirt, plaited at the waist, is continued in an original manner to form the long, pointed train.



Photo Ira L. Hill

The
AMPICO
Reproducing Piano

AS ENDURING
as the
 MARBLE of the SCULPTOR

THE tragedy of the interpretive artist has always been the ephemeral nature of his art. Jenny Lind, Paganini, Ole Bull, Rubinstein, Liszt—as interpretive artists these are mere names to us now. Only the legend of their triumphs survives.

But for the pianist at least, a new era has dawned. The Ampico Reproducing Piano enables the premier pianists of this generation to play not merely for the audiences of their day but for the music lovers of all time. The master-roll which the artist makes for the Ampico is as enduring a record of his art as the marble of the sculptor.

These artists themselves have been the first to recognize the significance of this invention and are eager to record their best interpretations for the Ampico. Even more impressive is the willingness of premier artists such as Godowsky, Ornstein, Brockway and Volavy, to appear in the joint "comparison concerts" which are being staged in every important musical center in the country. At these demonstrations the Ampico encodes the artist's interpretations, reproducing touch, tone color, phrasing—exactly as if the artist himself were seated at the piano.

The Ampico may be had in the world's oldest and best pianos: the Knabe (1837), Haines Bros. (1853), Marshall and Wendell (1836) and the renowned Chickering (1823). Let us send you our catalogue and tell you more about the Ampico.

AMERICAN PIANO COMPANY, 437 FIFTH AVENUE
 NEW YORK, U. S. A.

MCCARTHY

KEEPING UP WITH SPORTS CLOTHES



(Continued from page 302)



Satin and velvet are all very well as a novelty for sports clothes, but a wool jersey is more all-round serviceable. And when Bonwit Teller make it up in a lovely shade of jade green trimmed with lines of grey silk braid one could wish for nothing better.

in plain colors or stripes, the vests contrasting or matching, as you please. A delicious touch lies in the lining of the vest which always matches the skirt and sometimes has a small figure scattered over it. Thus the model I saw had orange khaki-kool for its petticoat, purple and white striped khaki-kool for its vest, and a lining of orange pussy-willow with a small purple figure in it.

Just arrived on Knox's threshold also was a very unusual slip-on sweater of "accordion" silk, to be had in every shade of the spectrum. The silk, of an extra quality—it almost seemed as if doubled—was knitted in at the waist to give a pert figure to the little garment and two patch pockets completed this pertness. This may be worn with a wide suede belt of matching color, or without, I was told.

NEW SPORT MATERIALS

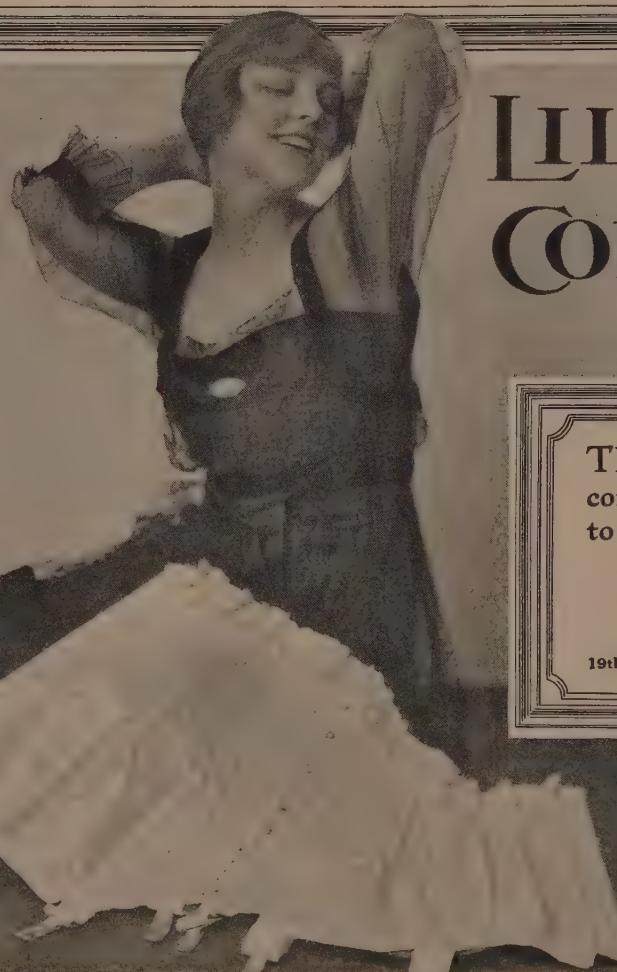
The aisles of Altman's are blooming and overflowing and fairly rioting with wonderful new materials. Their gayety and color seem a continuation of the Spring atmosphere as you come in from outside. Sport materials are particularly alluring—sport satins, whose weave and rich lustrous shades of lemon and strawberry and lime always make one think of glistening spun-sugar candies; "sport cords," aristocratic members of the velveteen family who have entered the Spring lists; futurist stamped linens, blocked out in squares of green and blue, of orange and yellow, of red and grey; that good old stand-by and friend of our youth, piqué, brought up-to-date by the addition of quaint figures printed on it; these are simply a few of the more striking.

You start out by walking along the counters, imagining that you will treat yourself by merely looking at the materials. And then the net closes round. You stop. You hesitate. You are lost. *You treat yourself!*



Sweaters come without sleeves now and so do Summer sports suits, according to Knox. The skirt of this, their latest model, is of orange khaki-kool, with the long vest-like jacket of purple and white stripes. Of course, you may have any color combinations that you wish.

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET



The Lily of France is a beautiful corset, worn by beautiful women to make them more beautiful.

\$3.50 to \$35.00 at Quality Stores

Handsome booklet of New Spring Styles sent on request

LILY OF FRANCE CORSET CO.
19th Street at 6th Avenue NEW YORK



Reine Davies
of "Canary Cottage"
Using Babcock's Corylopsis
of Japan Talc Powder

A Dominant Note
In the Art of Feminine Fascination

The appealing daintiness that weaves around the confines of the boudoir and finds its final phase in

BABCOCK'S
CORYLOPSIS
OF JAPAN TALC POWDER

As mystifyingly sweet in fragrance as a breeze-blown scent from some distant oriental garden. And as impalpably fine in texture as the fluff on a thistledown.

There is only one genuine Corylopsis of Japan Talcum and that is BABCOCK'S—the original.

Reine Davies, star warbler of that aviary of winsome femininity and entrancing melody—"Canary Cottage"—says:

"Babcock's Corylopsis of Japan has a permanent place on my dressing table. And as a compliment to my good taste, other members of the company are using it too."

SEND FOR SAMPLES
Send 10c. in stamps for a sample of the Talc Powder, Face Powder and Perfume.

A. P. BABCOCK CO.
111 West 14th Street
New York

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Barbara Guilan
Helen Higgins
Babette Busey
Now Appearing in
"Canary Cottage"

Corylopsis of Japan Talc

The House of Gidding
now shows
SUPERB MODES
for wear
"In Town or Country"

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GOLF ~ TENNIS
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A more representative Collection than is shown elsewhere in America

J. M. Gidding & Co.
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PARIS
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CINCINNATI
DULUTH

ROSE MARY CHOOSES HER WEDDING RING

ROSE MARY and Henry were sitting over a lunch table at Sherry's. Rose Mary was the most modern of young persons possible. Suffrage and Eugenics and the Economic Independence of Women were some of the simpler and less radical things she professed to believe in. What the more radical things were we won't go into. At least they hadn't prevented her from committing herself—though protesting—to that extremely world-old-fashioned custom of falling in love and becoming engaged. Furthermore she had permitted the engagement to be announced—again business of protesting—and a wedding date set. Rose Mary's modern soul yearned for the casualness of a City Hall ceremony, but she had yielded to the horrified tears of Mamma, backed up by Henry.

"Well, I may have given in about the wedding, Henry Martin," Rose Mary was saying over her coffee and cigarette, "but there's one thing I am not going to have forced upon me,



ORANGE BLOSSOM

"Will you wait a second, dear?" said Henry inside and detoured for a special counter, returning presently. On their way out he steered Rose Mary with seeming innocence past this counter, remarking:

"By the way, I thought your engagement A hem....your ring seemed rather loose at lunch. Don't you think we'd better look at a guard for it as long as we're here."

Still docile assent from Rose Mary. Would a subtly acute observer have detected a wicked gleam in her eye? The clerk, at a look from Henry, produced a tray of guard rings, *so-called*. There were rings slender and elegant in platinum, to match platinum engagement rings, plain or ornamented entrancingly with designs in myrtle (the emblem of true love) or in orange blossoms. Some were set with diamonds, one, two, or three to a ring. Or even all around.

"How perfectly lovely," enthused Rose Mary. I'd no idea they did such wonderful things with guard



VENUS

and that is a wedding ring."

A bomb! From a totally unexpected quarter. Just when everything was going so nicely, too.

Poor Henry stammered. "But... but...the ceremony...your mother...."

"I don't care," cried Rose Mary pugnaciously. "I won't. You can get a 'little old' imitation one for the ceremony and I'll throw it away afterwards. I've been reading about wedding rings. They're nothing more than symbols of servitude for women, chains, shackles."

"But you accepted an engagement ring," Henry interrupted.

"Not really as an engagement ring," Rose Mary parried sweetly, "just as a lovely present from you. The truth of the matter is I think wedding rings, those plain gold circles, are ugly and unbecoming to the hand and entirely out-of-date. It's too stupid to have to go round wearing one for the rest of one's life. Just look, for instance, how gold would jar with the platinum setting of my engagement....m...m... I mean my..."

But Henry was paying the check and assumed not to notice her. A scheme of low cunning had just entered his head.

They passed from the restaurant. Outside the sun was shining. Henry suggested poking along down the Avenue in a hansom. Opposite Jorham's he knocked for cabby to stop.

"Let's go in here for a minute," he suggested again.

"Righto!" Rose Mary assented docilely, not even questioning why.

rings. I think I'll have the one with the myrtle design?" appealing sentimentally to Henry.

"Why not have the one with the diamonds set all around?" replied Henry, puffed up over the success of his ruse.

But this was where the clerk slipped up in his previously coached lines.

"Why not the orange blossom design," he said. "For a wedding ring...."

Wedding ring! Fatal word! Horrors! Henry gazed crestfallen and distressed at Rose Mary. To his intense surprise she smiled.

"You precious old idiot," she said. "Did you suppose I didn't know all the time?"

And then it all came out. Henry Martin was astounded at the guile of women. It seems Rose Mary had heard of how the Traub Company of Detroit were making the most beautiful new wedding rings in platinum and gold, ornamented with different designs or set with stones. A wedding ring, the Traub Company thought, was no less a symbol for being made

beautiful. Rose Mary had been afraid that Henry would wish her to wear his mother's wedding ring which he'd kept for so many years, and that was clumsy and old-fashioned. To be sure they could have sent it to the Traub Company to be brought up to date by a covering of platinum, but Rose Mary had set her heart on a wedding ring of diamonds. Hence plot! Hence triumphant outcome!



Vanity Fair
UNDERSILKS

"*MERE MAN*," when he reads the words *Vanity Fair* probably thinks of *Becky Sharp* and her ways of guile—to a woman, *Vanity Fair* means daintily durable glove-silk underwear, pink or white.

Silken vests in rounded neck, or with ribbon shoulder straps; or elastic top evening vests, if you prefer, with no straps at all. You get four precious inches added in the *Vanity Fair* extra length vest—a genuine comfort in these days of the long-hip corset!

Then there are the clingy, curvy union suits in the same choice of tops, envelope chemises in myriads of designs (Miss Vera Maxwell of the "Century Girl" is photographed above in her favorite *Vanity Fair* envelope), while *Vanity Fair* glove-silk nighties have captured the heart of the trousseau girl. Brasieres and camisoles, knickers trim and tailored are also favorites—they must be seen to be appreciated.

When you want glove-silk underwear of the better kind and at attractive prices, ask for *Vanity Fair*, made of the glove-silk used in *Vanity Fair* Silk Gloves.

SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS
READING, PA., U. S. A.





THE "MUSKET" IS PRESENTED FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF MEN WHO REQUIRE AN OVER-GARMENT OF LIGHT-WEIGHT, DEVELOPED IN QUIET TASTE AND SUITABLE FOR MOTOR OR STREET USAGE.

IT IS SHOWN IN A LIMITED RANGE OF PATTERNS SELECTED ABROAD BY THE FINCHLEY REPRESENTATIVE. EXECUTED WITH THE CARE WHICH MARKS ALL GARMENTS PROMOTED IN THIS SHOP. CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON.

READY-TO PUT-ON
TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

\$50 to \$75

Style Brochure Mailed on Request

SEASONABLE SHIRTS AND NECKWEAR TAILORED EXPRESSLY FOR FINCHLEY BY HIGGINS OF LONDON ARE NOW SHOWN IN LIMITED RANGES.

FINCHLEY
5 West 46th. Street
NEW YORK



Keep Moths Out

Don't let these destructive little pests ruin your garments and draperies this year. Keep them out by using White Tar bags and Mothproof Paper.

White Tar Moth Bags

are many times safer than the old mothball way of protecting garments from moths and dust. They are mothproof, dirtproof, and germproof, and eliminate folds and wrinkles entirely by holding the garments neatly and smoothly on metal hangers. Made in six sizes.

White Tar Moth Paper

in Cedar or Pine Tar affords an excellent lining for trunks and drawers and a durable, mothproof wrapper for rugs, draperies, etc. In rolls of twelve sheets 40 x 48 — Pine Tar 90c. Cedar \$1.00 per roll.

Write for free booklet describing and illustrating many other White Tar Moth Preventatives.

White Tar Goods are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot buy them in your city order direct from us.

Lavender Garment Bags

24x9x50 . \$2.25 Ea. | 24x9x60 . \$2.50 Ea.

The White Tar Company

103 John Street, New York

Dept. 21

ESTAB. 1899

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You'll find that every garment among the Maxon Model Gowns. All our gowns are the offerings of the leading Parisian and American modistes. They were shown once on dress forms to illustrate the latest or advance Parisienne modes and are not worn or even shop worn. The gown is new to you.

You can buy two frocks, either for street, afternoon, or evening wear for the same price usually considered elsewhere a fair price for one alone. And all are originals—no two alike.

If you can wear model sizes visit our modest shop before you decide on your next gown or wrap—compare prices, styles and values. Like many of the best-dressed women in New York, you'll not only save money, but actually dress more *distingué* and win the admiration of your friends or neighbors.

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Two Gowns for the
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Call and see these gowns for yourself—even try them on. You are never urged to buy. A visit will pleasantly surprise you.

No Catalog—No Approval Shipments

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1587 BROADWAY AT 48th ST. NEW YORK CITY

KNOX presents the winsome Marion Davies of "Oh, Boy!" in a Knox narrow brim Lisere hat, finished with satin faced quills and grosgrain.

KNOX HATS
FOR MEN & WOMEN
FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTIETH ST.







A WOMAN'S FACE The Story It Tells

FULL in the fairway of every woman's voyage through life there is a maelstrom, in which beauty and comeliness go to wreck. You may call it ignorance or carelessness, although in these days only the careless need be ignorant. The wise woman knows that beauty will endure when it is cared for and so she goes serenely by the dreaded whirlpool, her face all a-smile.

Also, did it ever occur to you that a woman's face is a book of revelations? If she has been negligent or dilatory her complexion will be defective, her skin unpleasing. But, if her complexion is perfect, her skin radiant and clear, you have revelation that she is one of the wise women who know.

If you were to penetrate into the boudoirs of peeresses, of royalty itself—and of fascinating women in other stations who have the world at their feet, one would not require the assistance of a microscope to discover—VALAZE.

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Madame Rubinstein's brochure "Beauty in the Making" (Comment se fait la beauté) will be sent on receipt of 2 cents postage.

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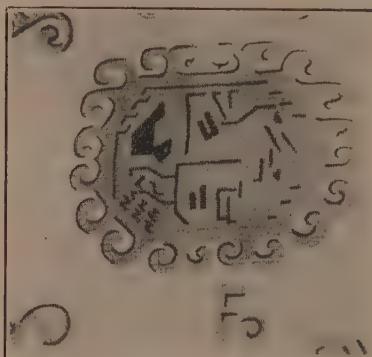
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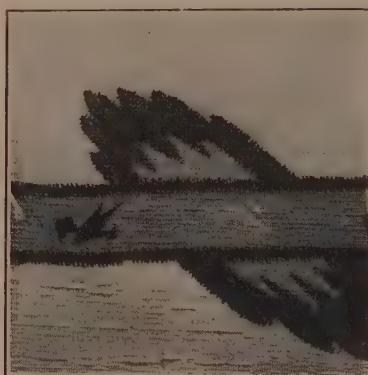
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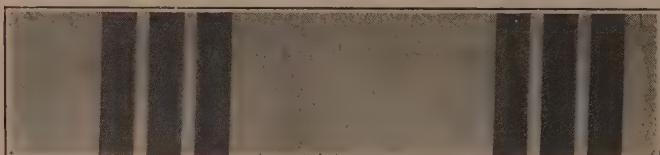
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Winging the wily clay pigeon has become quite de rigueur in smart country 'places and is proving a welcome boon to both host and hostess in the entertainment of house parties.

The "Sport Alluring" Booklet
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Geraldine Farrar Says:
"I have used Kosmeo Cream and Powder, also your Skin
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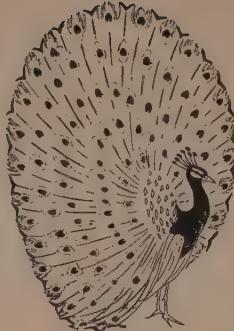
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actually remove the roots
in a scientific way and
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We furnish sworn state-
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Trial Plaster mailed 10c.
J. MACDONALD
242 W. 23d St., N. Y. City

**Superfluous
Hair Roots
Removed**



FEATHERS FROM PEACOCK ALLEY

A FRENCH actress feels the same way that I do about the delightful Maxon's, The Model Gown Shop. She swears by it, and finds it "so like her dear Paris places." I spent an exhilarating two hours with her there the other afternoon. We first went round the big showrooms with the courteous and interested saleswoman (she's just as much interested even if you aren't a French actress) and picked out whole armfuls of model dresses. "Let's try that....and that....and that...." it was like the ecstatic days of one's youth, choosing in a pastry shop. "I'll have one of them.... and two of those.... and one of these." Then we retired to a chosen compartment with big mirrors, plenty of daylight for day gowns and electric light for evening effects, where the dresses were all hung up on a long rod. Each had its full share of trying-on, of careful consideration and discussion from every angle before a selection was made, a leisurely process which Maxon makes a specialty of for every customer. "An exceedingly pleasant time was had by all."



The fashion for beads has reached stockings. Designs are done in small steel beads on grey stockings, in bronze beads on brown stockings, in gold or silver, each to match its respective pair of grey, bronze, gold or silver slippers. And at a distance looking exactly like beads, but far more practical are designs done in French knots. These latter are really fascinating and the very, very tail-endest word in hosiery. A pair of navy blue stockings had a design up the instep of three rings linked together of French knots, one in pink, one in yellow and one in pale blue. A gold pair had curly cues in black French knots. The Onyx people are responsible for all these new designs and you've no idea how charming they are. Clocks have been made to assume all sorts of new guises. Their heads are decapitated, turned upside down and placed in arrow formation up the ankle. Some of the clocks zigzag up the calf like forked lightning, others split into three strands and burst into bloom at their ends. There is also a distinct tendency to ornament the sides

rather than the front of the ankle, and I saw a lovely pair of stockings originally designed for Mrs. Vernon Castle of black silk with a narrow gusset of fine white wash net on either side of the ankle, set in with a heavy black embroidery stitch.



Several years ago on a train my curiosity was piqued by overhearing A Woman Who Can Have Everything extravagantly praise to another a delicious powder she had just discovered and was using. Fortunately she told the name, "Babcock's Corylopsis," which I proceeded in search of the very next day, expecting from the source of my information, to pay a stiff price for it and being on the contrary quite overwhelmed at the moderate stipend asked. Since then Babcock's Corylopsis has been on my dressing-table constantly. Other firms have tried to imitate the powder, but none has succeeded in approaching its subtle and luscious perfume, the quality and "slip" (as it is technically called) of its fine Italian talc. The Corylopsis perfume may be had in face powder, soap, cold cream (in convenient tubes) lotion, sachet, bath salts and toilet water. Besides these the Babcock firm are having great success with their new rose-scented toilet powder, for which their past reputation should be guarantee in itself.



Finchley's, off the Avenue, have just received a special and interesting cargo from Higgins', the smart haberdasher of London. Amongst the cargo are a quantity of colored "service" collars (turnover, of course,) which the Englishmen, wearing them with their khaki, have made the style. Our men are to use them even if they don't wear khaki. The collars come in tan to go with pongée shirts or in light lavender or soft blues, very finely striped, to wear with plain lavender or blue shirts.

From Higgins' also, Finchley's have received a splendid line of four-in-hand ties of English foulard, a material whose quality and coloring is so rich and of which the English makers give such generous measure in each tie.

Great Western Champagne



"Brut Special 1903"
(absolutely brut)
"Special Reserve"
(very dry)
"Extra Dry"
(medium)
"Sparkling Red Burgundy"

Produced by the old
French slow method
of fermentation in the
bottle taking from six
to seven years of time.

Great Western is the
Only American Cham-
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POWDER PUFF*

THE FINEST QUALITY
LAMBS' WOOL

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FOUR POPULAR SIZES
10c, 15c, 25c, 35c

At All Best Dealers
or will be sent direct on
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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
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People of culture, refinement
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PREFER Deities to
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What else—when those who
know most about table waters
drink only Clysmic—sparkling
for taste, lithiated for health.

Don't accept ordinary waters.

Insist on genuine



The best prescription ever written
is the word "Moderation."

Men of affairs in this world live
according to that prescription—it
leads to success.

And that is why they drink moderately
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Wilson—That's All!

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A wine that asks your favor because of its quality. Made in America for Americans. You cannot get a better champagne at any price.

Two Kinds: Special Dry and Brut
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Sold everywhere
URBANA WINE CO., URBANA, N. Y., Sole Maker

Insist on having it

THE AMATEUR SPIRIT IN THE THEATRE

(Continued from page 292)

house. Just as soon as these amateur efforts result in any considerable popularity and financial stability, they will visibly and definitely begin to effect our theatre for good, and the doors will swing wider open to the courageous young producers like John Williams and Walter Wanger. In New York this winter we have seen "The Yellow Jacket" established on Broadway, we have seen Stuart Walker's amateurs playing for a month, we have seen Gertrude Kingston come up from the East Side, we have seen the Washington Square Players move from beyond Third Avenue into the Comedy Theatre, and there remain. In every case something was added to our stage which it sorely lacked, and the contribution was welcomed by a substantial public. The way has been made easier for further experiments, for future dramatists with something fresh to say. If Mr. Belasco honestly believes this to be a bad thing for our theatre, if he honestly fears this sort of competition, he has delivered the most scathing self-criticism ever written. At any rate, the drama of to-morrow in America must be re-born out of the amateur spirit, and the increasing number of amateurs who are giving themselves gladly to the task to-day is the most hopeful sign in our theatre.

other fellows looking at you with faces that are more fitting for a funeral than a comedy? Could you, I say, put that funny stuff across successfully for you know you are the best judge of what you can do, and are doing? I hardly think you could. Remember, you have no audience to warm you up and put the vim and vigor in you and make you put into your business the best that is in you. No orchestra to liven up your dormant faculties. Nothing, I say, except the Director asking you perhaps in a gentle voice:

"Say, put some comedy in there, we're not filming a funeral or anything of that kind."

Tell me. How many movie comedians at the present day cause you to laugh? Not many, perhaps half a dozen in the big army of comedians in the movie game at the most.

Poor fellows, I feel sorry for them, their task is certainly hard trying to be funny without an audience, and before fellow actors who will criticize each other unmercifully, and if poor Mr. Funnyfellow is not showing up well this morning, there are others, hundreds of them, carefully tabulated in the office in the card index files, ready to take his place.

Some of you will doubtless say: "But we do the same thing in the theatre at rehearsals when we do our comedy or tragedy to the actor-manager and empty seats." Granted! But haven't you always uppermost in your mind this thought: "I know I'm not doing this to perfection, but I'll be all right on the night when I get my audience in front of me to warm me up." That's the difference between the theatre proper and the movies.

Another unpleasant thing is for the movie artist to keep on his make-up from about 8 A. M. until work is over, which may not be until the early hours of next morning. This must be most uncomfortable. One doesn't get that on the legitimate stage where a rehearsal or performance lasts two or three hours at the most. But someone will say: "It's for art's sake." Probably so. But nevertheless it must be irksome hanging around all day with whiskers stuck on one's face, and in some diaphanous costume, just to act probably for two minutes in front of the camera. No wonder the movie actors and actresses are eternally suffering from chills, but still I suppose one gets used to these little inconveniences in time, unless he happens to die of pneumonia.

I have explained why I decided to give up the idea of trying to get a job in the movies. The more I look back and study my various experiences the more thankful I am that I decided to quit when I did. I have to acknowledge that I certainly had a very bad jolt and my dream of a movie career was smashed beyond recognition. I have learnt my lesson and I have profited thereby, and I trust others will be warned in time by my experiences.

The extras are figuring on starting a union. It may be a blessing or it may be a curse. I feel, however, that if a canvass of the crowd I mixed with in was taken, there would be very few willing to join, for there were loads of people in those crowds who would gladly work for their meals.

There is one matter in which we shall agree, and that is that the studios have no system for handling the extras. That wild collection outside is no credit to the movie concerns. With the great amount of space in the studios, suitable covered stands could be built, the cost of a stand similar to the baseball stands would not be great.

HOW I DID NOT GET INTO THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 284)

When Visiting
The
Actors' Fund
Fair
at the
Grand Central Palace
Our most prominent
actresses will
welcome you at
The
Theatre Magazine
Booth
on the Main Floor

and incidentally and most graciously will relieve you of your gold, silver, copper and surplus cash, but remember it is for a good cause.

The members of the profession have never failed to answer a call for charity.

Remember Booth 46

Grand Central
Palace
May 12 to May 19

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.
required by the Act of Congress of August
24, 1912, of THE THEATRE, published
monthly at New York, N. Y., for April
1, 1917, State of New York, County of
New York. Before me, a Notary Public
in and for the State and County aforesaid,
personally appeared Louis Meyer, who,
having been duly sworn according to law,
deposes and says that he is one of the
business managers of the Theatre Maga-
zine, and that the following is to the best
of his knowledge and belief, a true state-
ment of the ownership, management, etc.,
of the aforesaid publication for the date
shown in the above caption, required by
the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in
section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations,
printed on the reverse of this form, to
wit: That the names and addresses of the
publisher, editor, managing editor, and
business managers are: Publisher, The
Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St.,
New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow,
6 East 39th St., New York. Managing
Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul
and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New
York. That the owners are: The Theatre
Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New
York, Mr. Henry Stern, 888 West End
Ave., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East
39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East
39th St., New York. That the
known bondholders, mortgagees, and other
security holders owning or holding 1 per
cent, or more of total amount of bonds,
mortgages, or other securities are: None.
That the two paragraphs next above,
giving the names of the owners, stock-
holders and security holders, if any, con-
tain not only the list of stockholders and
security holders, as they appear upon the
books of the company, but also in cases
where the stockholder or security holder
appears upon the books of the company as
trustee or in any other fiduciary relation,
the name of the person or corporation for
whom such trustee is acting, is given; also
that the said two paragraphs contain state-
ments embracing affiant's full knowledge
and belief as to the circumstances and
conditions under which stockholders and
security holders who do not appear upon
the books of the company as trustees, hold
stock and securities in a capacity other
than that of a bona fide owner; and this
affiant has no reason to believe that any
other person, association, or corporation
has any interest direct or indirect in the
said stock, bonds or other securities than
as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS
MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to
and subscribed before me this 17th day of
March, 1917. [SEAL] GEORGE H.
BROOKES, Notary Public, N. Y., County
Clerk's No. 148, N. Y. County Register's
No. 8150. My commission expires March
30, 1918.

HOTEL EMPLOYEES PREPARE

Our leading hotels, as well as the
leading dry goods stores, are joining
in the movement for preparedness
and home defence.

Harry E. V. Kersburg, who is the
employment manager of the Hotel
McAlpin, has formed the employees
into a club, or athletic association,
called the Samaclar Club. The men
are the employees of the three
hotels, the Savarin, the McAlpin, and
the Claridge, and they are being
drilled for preparedness by Mr. Kers-
burg. On April 4th they had an
athletic meet in which the members
of the club and employees of the
Hotel Imperial, Astor, Biltmore,
and Waldorf participated.



The Licorice Gum

GAIL KANE, who has made a sensational hit in "The Harp of Life," says: "I find Adams Black Jack Chewing Gum is delicious and also excellent for relieving a cough."

Gail Kane

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap

If you are frankly fastidious about the appearance of your hair, shampoo with this dependable product—an effective cleanser that leaves the hair soft and attractive. Very delicately perfumed.



YELLOW PERIL THREATENS VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 290)

Georgie and Cuddles. According to the ever enlightening program, Jean Havez contributed his widow's mite by writing the lyrics. In addition to Georgie and Cuddles, erstwhile Mr. Edwards' infant prodigies but now disclosed so blasé in their methods that one hesitates to classify them even as juveniles, there is featured a new youngster, Vincent O'Donnell, whose stage career promises to be most interesting.

In all justice to Mr. Edwards who has in the past supplied to vaudeville a number of "kid" revues of surpassing merit it must be recorded that his current contribution is not up to his standard. Possibly he has set a pace too high of maintenance and one has come to expect too much of an act bearing his name. However, those less familiar with Mr. Edwards' accomplishments will find much to admire and applaud in "A Bandbox Revue," which after all is good entertainment and really nothing more should be required.

Another of the hilarious Tom Walker series, this time labelled "Tom Walker in Dixie," served to bring John B. Hymer and Company back to Broadway. It is a bright, clean comedy that has the happy faculty of convulsing an audience, a bromidic expression to be sure, but one which most accurately describes the condition of the spectators while this act is being unfolded.

Further than that "Tom Walker in Dixie" achieves the seemingly impossible feat of extracting comedy from so gruesome an object as an electric chair. In this ingenious but repellent contrivance of death Tom Walker finds himself while dreaming he has killed a man under the malignant influence of his ancient enemy, the Devil. He is about to pay the penalty when his Satanic Majesty releases him and the simple-minded darkey awakes to find it has all been a dream.

That there is no certain way of determining what a vaudeville audience will and will not like is emphasized by the skit of Bert Baker and Company called "Prevarication." Here's an offering which the normal vaudeville reviewer witnessing for the first time in its native lair—burlesque—would pass as impossible for variety consumption because it runs the whole gamut of hackneyed stage tricks. Yet audiences in Broadway's highest-class vaudeville theatres manifested their approval and enjoyment in a manner that was little short of riotous. The secret of its strength probably lies in the personality of its principal player, Mr. Baker, who is a clever comedian rising superior to very mediocre material.

Quite a preponderance of talent is represented in the tabloid musical comedy, "The Models Abroad," which features James B. Carson. The book was written by William Le Baron, its music by Robert Hood Bowers, its lyrics by Mr. Carson and the whole staged by Frank Smithson. Formidable as this quartette appears on paper, their combined effort is marred by a lamentable lack of comedy which makes Mr. Carson so unfunny that one questions for a moment whether he is the same comedian who acquitted himself so nobly in "The Red Heads."

Seldom have two young men scored so completely with a singing act at the Palace as Santy and Norton. Their's could scarcely be called a rathskeller act because its comedy is not so flamboyant and neither could it be classified as a refined singing act. What Santy and Norton do succeed in doing, however, is to most happily fill the gap made in vaudeville by the retirement of Van and Schenck when they left to go to the Century.

CHARM VS. ACTING ON THE STAGE

(Continued from page 282)

the ingenue of "The Willow Tree," who came unheralded out of the West like Young Lochinvar and took New York by storm. Their success is entirely due to charm and naturalness. They wouldn't know a mannerism if they met it face to face—yet.

What conclusions are to be drawn from this argument of charm versus real acting ability?

Well, we think the stage is elastic enough to hold every actress who makes the most of her gifts. Without charm our stage would be an oasis without water; a garden bereft of roses; a meal without salt. There would be no savour in acting. The stage would be as stale and unprofitable as Hamlet's world. We all enjoy the play of smiles and sniffs.

At the same time we must have our Bernhardts and Mrs. Fiske and Nazimovas to move us dynamically. They "clear the air" so to speak; they shake us loose from our smug complacency; they jog and jostle our pet illusions; they send balls hurtling among the tenpins that we call settled convictions; they keep things moving. We need plays of ideas that contain "big scenes" tingling with drama, and we need big actresses to interpret them. But imagine seeing Bernhardt every night! Think of continually watching an actress like Nazimova! And wouldn't a steady diet of Mrs. Fiske leave you strangely hungry? In other words, suppose your dramatic menu consisted entirely of strong meat, wouldn't you yearn passionately for ice cream and pastry? Honestly, now, wouldn't you?

So, after all, isn't it asking too much of Ruth Chatterton to trade rôles with Nazimova? And would you really care to see Laurette Taylor transformed into the gray-haired heroine of "Old Lady '31" or watch Frances Starr acting the part of "Miss Thing," that hunger-bitten little waif which Barrie, through his wistful interpreter, Maude Adams, makes live forever in your memory? Can't they serve the public better by just being themselves, rather than striving to be something for which they were obviously never intended?



EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

(Continued from page 294)

most appropriate that he should be the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Not only was Payne lonely, but he was also unhappy. Neither his work nor his associations seemed to have brought him any very abiding pleasure. His correspondence is mostly business, even though his friends tried to cheer him up and show him wherein he was progressing in his work. His love and appreciation of what Washington Irving did for him is shown on many occasions, not only in his "Richelieu," but in several other plays. He was continually forwarding bundles of manuscript to his friends, asking their aid in seeing, for example, that they reached Elliston, or Charles Kemble, or any other of the dramatic hierarchy of the time.

After Payne's return to this country his footsteps took the channel of political preferment. He began writing for the *Democratic Review* and other magazines, and espoused the cause of the Indians of Alabama and Georgia, in whom he became interested during a trip South.

In 1838, he was living in Washington, and two years afterwards was appointed by President Tyler to the consulship of Tunis. While at his post Payne died on April 9, 1852. It was not until 1883 that his body was transferred to America.

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SUCCESSFUL STOCK COMPANY AT MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.



PROOF of the fact that the theatre-going public is taking more and more interest in stock company productions is to be found at the Little Playhouse, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., where Frank Wilcox and his excellent company recently closed their second successful season.



FRANK WILCOX
Director of the Mount
Vernon, N. Y., Stock
Company

Since the company opened at the Little Playhouse in October, 1915, it has been playing continuously—in Mount Vernon during the regular winter season, and at the Empire Theatre, Syracuse and the Worcester Theatre, Worcester, Mass., during the summer. The company is at present duplicating the great success it made in Syracuse last summer.

Since the company was organized there

have been very few changes which accounts in a great measure for the remarkably smooth and convincing performances for which the Frank Wilcox Company has become noted. Lack of friction among the players and familiarity with one another's methods are important factors in the success of any stock company.

Among the plays produced during the past season were: "It Pays to Advertise," "The

House of Glass," "Romance," "On Trial," "Arms and the Girl," "Potash and Perlmutter," "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," "Rich Man, Poor Man," "The Little Millionaire," "A Full House," "The New Henrietta," "Sauce for the Goose," "He Comes Up Smiling," "Sinners," "The Road to Yesterday," and "The Blindness of Virtue."

The layman does not realize the amount of work connected with a stock production. He does not stop to think that for each play produced, scenery must be built and painted by a competent crew of carpenters and scenic artists. The proper furniture, window hangings and properties of every description must be procured to harmonize with the settings. The lighting effects must be carefully arranged and rehearsed—all this in addition to the careful study of the manuscript and rehearsal of the company which keeps everybody hustling from beginning to end. When one stops to consider that a stock company produces a new play every week, and usually plays at least three matinées during that time, it is not difficult to see that it is all work and no play.



AMONG the artists who are at present with Mr. Wilcox are Miss Marion Rumsey, Mrs. Adelaide Hibbard, Miss Coralinn Waide, Miss Jane Warrington, Mr. Harold Salter, Mr. Halbert W. Brown, Mr. Thomas V. Emory, Mr. Elmer H. Brown, and Mr. Charles Mather.

An unusual tribute was paid to Mr. Wilcox

and his associate players at the Little Playhouse in January last. As the interest in the company seemed to be waning and an opportunity offered to remove to another city, Mr. Wilcox announced that the company would close their season. Immediately the patrons protested and busied themselves in circulating petitions and interesting their friends, merchants, lodges, clubs and other social organizations, and conducted a campaign that increased the attendance to such an extent that Mr. Wilcox decided to remain the balance of the season. The revival of interest was so great and continued so well to the end of the season that Mr. Wilcox has decided to

return for a third season, opening early in the fall when a new list of plays will be available. Among them might be mentioned, "Turn to the Right," "Hit-the-Trail-Holiday," "The Silent Witness," "The Boomerang," "Peg o' My Heart," "Common Clay," "Good Gracious Anna-belle," "Cheating Cheaters," etc.

Miss Rumsey has heretofore been known to playgoers as Minna Gombel.



MARION RUMSEY
Leading woman in the
Mount Vernon, N. Y.,
Stock Company

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7. *Boston "Tea Party."*
8. *Sinking of Battleship "Maine."*

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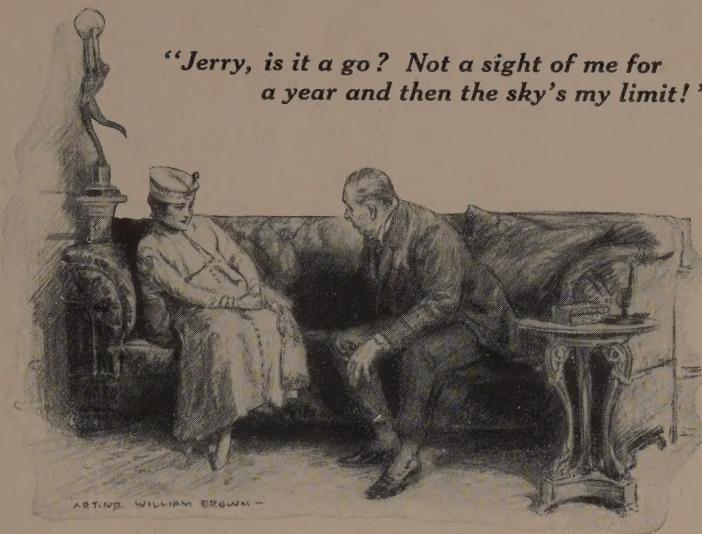
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By Fannie Hurst

We are spending five thousand dollars this month to tell you that the greatest short story of the year has been written by Fannie Hurst and is in the May Metropolitan. "Would You?" is a gripping tragedy of New York life in which a woman's love and the "get on" ambition of a great city blend in a pathetic sacrifice.

The heroine is a modern Ruth, who in her own way and in her own time lives out the beautiful promise of her prototype "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God."

Fannie Hurst's wonderful story is just one of many features of a notable issue of the "Lively Magazine in America." In the same Metropolitan, is a great baseball story, "Bingles and Black Magic," by Hugh Fullerton, and a Leroy Scott Detective Clifford story, which is a dramatic piece of fiction dealing with the dress-suit underworld of New York. The love story of-the-girl-who-wanted-to-go-in-the-movies by Josette Gerrish, and the serial instalments of Larry Evans' great story, "His Own Home Town," and Edwin Balmer's dashing novel of the Great Lakes, "The Indian Drum," complete a fiction program, which for all-round interest and brilliancy has seldom been equalled in any issue of an American magazine.

The facts of life are well faced, too! William Hard, back after six months in London for

the Metropolitan, has an enlightening article on "England at War." This is the second article of a series in which Mr. Hard will bring home to America the lessons that England has learned out of the bitter experience of her unpreparedness. Hard's articles are bugle calls to America!

A commanding contribution is an article by Lord Northcliffe. He compares lawyer-governed America with group-governed England much to our disadvantage. He challenges us with the accusation that we think of England as in times of George III. His article will irritate some of us and set all of us thinking. There is another instalment of the "Adventures and Letters of Richard Harding Davis," which has been the literary event of the year.

Theodore Roosevelt, who writes exclusively for the Metropolitan, spent a busy day in the Municipal Court of Philadelphia where some practical Christianity is taking the place of ponderous Blackstone. What he saw and what he thinks of the work done, the Colonel sets down in an able piece of reporting, warm with the human touch that is the Colonel's when he writes of good intentions and common sense mixing successfully.

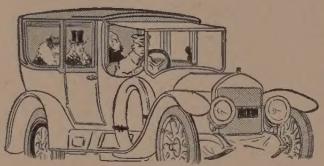
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WHY NOT THE STROLLING PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 268)

to heroic treatment without further delay.

One of the first measures will be the protection of the public from the rich, unlicensed playwright. We make our doctors, lawyers, druggists, teachers, plumbers, mail clerks, *et cetera*, prove their fitness before we let them practice on the already harassed common people. But the roving buccaneer of the drama, the wealthy amateur dramatist, who has made his pile in oil or the newspaper business or law or wholesale junk, or who has had his millions thrust upon him by a parent prematurely deceased—he we allow to cut the theatrical throat and scuttle the good ship *Drama*, with never a prohibition on the books of statute.

Beside what he does to playgoers, vivisection is comparatively merciful, and yet the law raises no interfering finger. I am not in favor of restrictions upon art. Its growth should ever be free and spontaneous. And therefore art must be protected.

If possible, let this protection be accomplished by means of positive measures, and not negative. Therefore, the proposal of the strolling playwright as the savior of "the road"—and ultimately perhaps even of Broadway itself.

As an institution, he will give the ambitious an opportunity to be tried and found wanting or worthy with slight delay and little expense. He will serve as insurance against heavy loss for both playgoers and producers. He will re-install simplicity where complexity is about to finish its already near-fatal work. He will revivify and rejuvenate. He will give the *coup de grace* to the Monster Monotony with the good sword Variety.



COLUMBIA RECORDS

Even the musical recording world has caught the spirit of '76 that has revived in all its glory at the President's call to arms. Announcement is made in the May Record List, just issued by the Columbia Graphophone Company, of a recording of Francis Scott Key's glowing eulogy of the "Red, White and Blue"—the "Star Spangled Banner"—and Samuel Francis Smith's immortal "America" (My Country 'Tis of Thee), sung by one of the greatest baritones in the world—Louis Graveure. There are also listed a number of patriotic instrumental descriptives, "Uncle Sammy's Boys in Camp," "Rally to the Call, Boys," "American Patrol" and "Call of a Nation."

Lazaro is to be heard in the exquisite love aria of Donizetti's "La Favorita," "Una Vergine, Un Angiol Di Dio," while his distinguished countrywoman, Maria Barrientos, will be heard in two operatic gems—the "Last Rose of Summer" and "Gentil Angel," from the "Pearl of Brazil."

Apropos of Springtime. Lucy Gates, America's own coloratura prima donna, is listed for a solo of "Greetings to Spring," a vocal arrangement of Strauss' "Blue Danube" waltz, and the "Carmena Waltz."

The instrumental list is headed by Jose Hofmann in "The Erling," by Schubert-Liszt, and Moszkowski's "Caprice Espagnol," followed by America's young genius of the violin, Eddy Brown, in a rendition of the "Gavotte Intermezzo" and "Vogel Als Prophet."

The popular song list is also expressive of the patriotic "signs of the times," comprising "If I Had a Son for Each Star in Old Glory" and "The Story of Old Glory, the Flag We Love."

Advt.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 280)

Irish poetical fancy. To offset these there are some tedious moments wherein a determined effort is made to plant a truly Gaelic atmosphere, and there is some inferior acting, approaching the incompetent, which does not make for either suggestion or accomplishment.

Sheila is the illegitimate daughter of Michael Dempsey, the drudge of the household. But the step-mother who has been kind to her is apparently dying and to save her life Sheila determines to appeal to the Holy Virgin in the ruins of the Black Chapel. According to a legend, if the Madonna grants the request, the gratified suppliant must lose her life. On her quest Sheila is flattered by the attention of the son of a well-to-do farmer who turns to her because her step-sister has piqued him by her flirtations. When Sheila learns that her step-mother is recovering and that her little glimpse of romance is only a dream, she takes poison and dies.

Miss Huban's impersonation of Sheila is quite remarkable. There is not a discordant note in either conception or execution. It is truth, beautiful, gentle, insinuating truth, expressed with rare delicacy and poetical feeling. It is a fine contrast which John P. Campbell supplies as the boastful human Matt O'Connor, while the three village girls, a sort of chorus, find capable exponents in Adele Klaer, Yvonne Jarette and Lillian Jago.



BARNUM AND BAILEY'S

The Barnum and Bailey circus present a wonderful new program this year. The monster entertainment has more and better things to show than ever before. Starting with a magnificent pageant entitled "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," the circus occupies three hours or more with events in air, on platforms and in rings and in the hippodrome surrounding. Not one moment is lost in all the spaces of the great enclosure.

The opening feature—the Geni slave of the magic lamp—is the first attempt at Chinese pageantry in the history of American circuses, the most gorgeous presentation ever attempted. The possibilities for display in coloring and magnificent settings in Chinese locale are unlimited, and Barnum and Bailey spent \$1,000,000 on this feature alone. The circus program which follows is made up almost entirely of names and acts new to the American public. There is a complete Chinese circus, replete with thrilling aerial and acrobatic feats. The famous Hanneford family, champion riders of Europe, display their wonderful skill. Signor Bagonghi, the dwarf bareback rider, described as the equestrian comic of the century, thrills and convulses with laughter. Pallenberg's wonderful bears ride on bicycles, skate and perform on the trapeze. There are more clowns than ever before and in the menagerie will be seen many new specimens of wild and untrained animals.



BOOKS RECEIVED

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH, by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

EL CID CAMPEADOR, by Henry Washington Lee. Chicago: Ritzmann, Brookes & Co.

THE LOCKED CHEST AND THE SWEEPS OF NINETEEN-EIGHTY, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

SINBAD, by Percy MacKaye. New York: Houghton, Mifflin Co.

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